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Joe Mitchell Chapple's

January, 1931

NATIONAL

magazine



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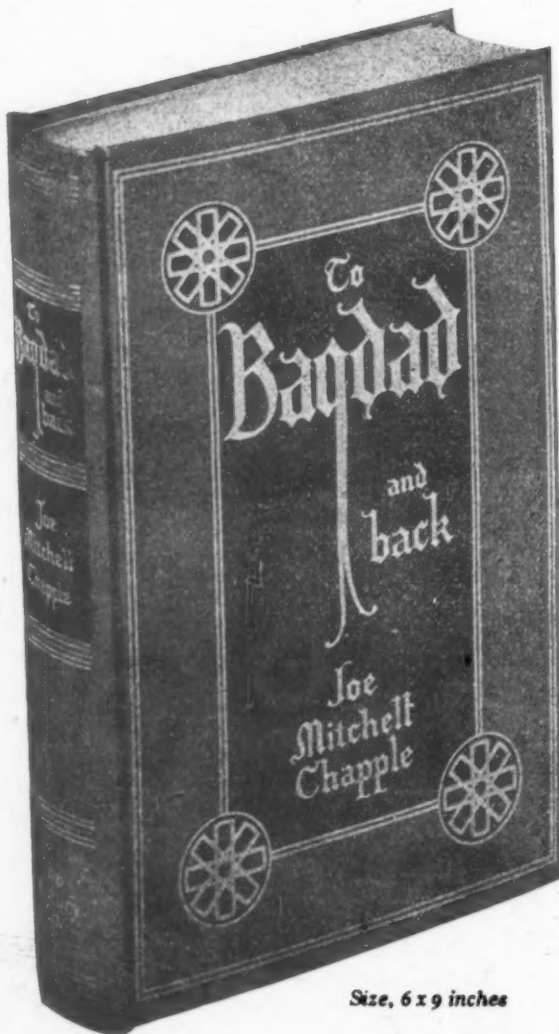
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Birthplace of the
Human Race

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Musulman was I and sworn,
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Of good Haroun Alrashid.

—Tennyson



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**The Age-Old Lure of the Orient is Packed
Within its 300 Pages**

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

What's In The Magazine These Months

by Donald Kingery Carroll

IN THIS ISSUE

In this issue a serial by E. Phillips Oppenheim is begun that rivets interest from the opening lines to the last. The stage is set in the Island of Astrea, where the daughter of an American missionary languishes in the hands of the ruthless High Priest, a situation that offers rich opportunities for the facile pen of this eminent novelist. Thrilling adventures abound as the story is unraveled, offering a conclusive evidence that "The Daughter of the Stars" measures up to the high Oppenheim standards.

Several years ago, during the heyday of the boom times, the editor was incurably stricken with "Florida-itis." Last month, invited to be the toastmaster at the welcome-home ceremonies to the humorist-author, Opie Read, at Howey-in-the-Hills, Mr. Chapple again caught the contagious Floridian enthusiasm. He is more than ever fervent about the unique attractions of the Flower State, exhibiting enthusiasm distinguishable from that of some Floridians who are a trifle definite as to the best city in the universe, although, of course, unanimous as to the best state. There are doughty rooters for St. Petersburg, Miami, and any one of a hundred other cities, but, as he asserts in the article, the editor is like the fond mother who was asked to name her favorite child. He regards no city as his favorite in Florida. He is fond of all, an attitude that stamps him as an all-Florida enthusiast.

The increasingly-important place of women in the affairs of the workaday world is instanced in the noteworthy career of Miss Bertha Brainard, director of the programs emanating from the National Broadcasting Company's network of radio stations. Her biography reads like a girl's story-book. Rejecting teaching as too prosaic an occupation, Miss Brainard joined the American Red Cross and served as an ambulance-driver in France. After the war she became an actor, tried her hand at journalism, and finally entered the unbroken and unpromising field of radio broadcasting, where she has since established a record that is truly enviable.

For the past several months this magazine has presented "Hitting the High Spots with Nixon Waterman," but the contributions of this poet, publicly quoted by John D. Rockefeller recently, have graced these pages off and on for three decades. If anything is more charming than the rollicking lines of Nixon Waterman's verse, it is his personality. His venerable features, bespeaking a romp of many years through life's enjoyments, are somewhat belied by his bubbling boyishness. One weakness he has long had and taken no

particular pains to conceal—his incorrigible inclination to toy with words. He has an unpardonable genius for indulging in the much-maligned pun. As a horrible example of this propensity: not long ago Mrs. Joe Chapple brought into the editorial sanctum a pair of her husband's shoes, requesting that they be taken to the cobbler's as there was a hole in the soles; and Nixon Waterman—spontaneously inspired—exulted thus: "So that's why people refer to Mr. Chapple as a 'whole-souled' man!"

A few days ago an Associated Press dispatch described a chance interview between Madame Galli-Curci and John D. Rockefeller, Sr., at Ormond, Florida. After an exchange of courtesies the aged philanthropist said, "If you don't mind, I would like to read you the daily poem and prayer which we read at breakfast this morning.

It made a deep impression on me." As the eminent opera singer listened, Mr. Rockefeller read the following poem:

Let's hollow out beside the way
Where men fare to and fro
A spring that all their steps may stay
Where cooling waters flow,
And then, go forth with more of grace
And goodness in every face.

Let's plant a rose beside the road
Where all the world goes by
That every pilgrim, with his load,
May feast his happy eye
Upon its beauty as he goes
And breathe a blessing on the rose.

It was merely one of the poetical gems of Nixon Waterman.



IN COMING ISSUES

The editor's Floridian inkwell is by no means dry, and further articles on the Everglades State are promised for the coming issues. Enthusiasm like his could not be fully vented in a single issue. He is planning a comprehensive tour of Florida, from which a series of articles is almost inevitable.

From the pen of Arnold Bennett, the distinguished man of letters, comes a rib-tickling story of "Goldie," a cat that "precipitates a romance," which will appear in the next number. This feline pet, however, actually precipitates three romances, a hapless musician being a party to each, but fortunately only one romance reaches the altar-stage.

Further installments of the E. Phillips Oppenheim serial will follow in natural sequence.

Inviably as the month of February rolls around, thoughts of Americans turn reverently to Abraham Lincoln, and it is natural that this should be so. The life of the average American is closely paralleled with his reading of *Lincolniana*. In our childhood we listened to the story of "Honest Abe," the boy who did his mathematics on the back of a shovel, studied intensely the single volume of Washington's life, and walked several miles to pay a trifling debt. In our youthhood we revel in the story of the rail-splitter and the lover of Ann Rutledge. In later years the trials and tribulations of the Martyr President rivet our interest. Among the most popular Lincoln books is one printed by the publishers of this magazine, "The Poet's Lincoln" edited by Osborn H. Oldroyd. It is a handsome volume, illustrated with a frontispiece in colors and ninety drawings and photographs. As an anthology of the greatest tributes to Abraham Lincoln paid by the poets of the world, Mr. Oldroyd's book should be given a prominent place in the library of every admirer of Lincoln—and who in America is not?

 NATIONAL MAGAZINE <i>Mostly about People</i> 	
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New Year

Words by Joe Mitchell Chapple

Music by Geoffrey O'Hara,
Composer of "There is No Death"
and "K-K-K-Katy"

WHETHER IT'S RAINING OR WHETHER IT'S SHINING, THERE'S NE'ER NAE SENSE TO OUR

BLUES AND REPINING. IF WE BUT BELIEVE IT, THE 'DOUBT-CLOUDS' AND FEAR WILL

PASS FROM OUR MIDST IN THE DAYS THAT ARE NEAR. EN-RICHED TO THE BRIM WITH THE

SUNSHINE OF CHEER, - THIS BE OUR HEART'S GREETING; "A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"



Volume LIX

JANUARY, 1931

New Series No. 5

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



IN the new pages of books opened as of January first are to appear the records of 1931. The initial entries are made with the hopefulness that comes with New Year's Day, with its chorus of cheery greetings. For many years the first day of the year has been an important holiday in the Nation's capital. The observance harks back to the days of George Washington. At that time everybody kept open house with an abundance of refreshments, including "Tom and Jerry" and egg-nog punch, a sip or sniff of which would have aroused suspicion of constitutional law breaking in these times. The spirit of New Year's continues with or without the beverage stimulant that usually provided an exhilarated condition and redundant loquacity. The spirit of hospitality was nevertheless expressive of the joyousness that comes in welcoming a New Year happily.

* * *

THE New Year finds especially cordial relations with our sister republic of Mexico. President Ortiz Rubio has not only established stability at home, but has welcomed an industrial and educational development that augurs well. There is a welcome to fascinating sights in store for the American tourist in these days, that rivals a tabloid world tour. The Mexican people fully realize that their future prosperity will be shared with the neighbors across the Rio Grande. It has been commented on in diplomatic circles, that in spite of all the disturbances in South and Central America the government of Mexico is proceeding on an even keel and setting a good example to all the Latin American countries, of keeping cool, while the heat of revolution is stirring the outside world. Significant it was that the new Associated Press wire between the City of Mexico

and Washington was christened with a message from President Hoover to President Ortiz Rubio. The first words flashed on this new and important line of communication between the two republics were messages that carried an assurance of an understanding that will endure. President Rubio's response further confirms the prevailing feeling of Good Will:

"This gives me the opportunity to express my respect and admiration for your great country. I consider also that the establishment of a perfect news service through the direct wire between the United States and Mexico will serve to increase the friendship and good understanding which exists between our two peoples.

"Please to accept, Mr. President, in my own name as well as in the name of the people of the Mexican Republic, a salutation filled with good will and hope in the destinies of our two Nations."

Senator Dwight Morrow also used the new wire which

is the longest internationally-leased land wire for news service transmission ever established between two capitals, operating as it does over three thousand miles of land area.

* * *



President Ortiz Rubio of the Republic of Mexico

DESPITE the partisan-bloc muddles on Capitol Hill, it has begun to dawn within the minds of many members of Congress that the predominant problem of today calls for more study and quicker actions along economic lines than is usually incident to the political by-play that precedes such appropriations as drought relief and unemployment. The measure for the relief of impoverished farmers was finally passed, although happily increased to meet the fervor of congressional ambition to provide a goodly portion for their own districts in distress. It was finally decided to have the money expended under the direction of the President, following the precedent of



Hon. Lee Slater Overman in his fifth term as Senator from North Carolina

THE return of Senator Gore to the Senate from Oklahoma will revive an interest in his active work during the World War days. A stirring and effective speaker, he has the faculty of feeling the situation in the course of a debate that might not even be apparent to senators who have two good eyes. Upon his return to Washington recently after his invigorating vacation, he smilingly maintained that he was better fitted than ever for his senatorial duties. Senator Schall of Minnesota, on the Republican side, completes the twain of blind senators who have evidenced a vision and clear-sightedness on many questions that are impressive. The Minnesota friends of Senator Schall are now looking forward eagerly to the publication of his autobiography, which promises to be as thrilling a romance as has ever been outlined within the covers of a "best seller." Their wives have been true helpmates in the busy and eventful public careers of the two distinguished United States senators.

IN the dissemination of vivid reliable information the National Geographic Magazine holds high place in the opinion of legislators as well as Americans in general. When a subject is taken up in that magazine, it is most exhaustively covered and brilliantly illustrated. The office of the magazine, a non-profit enterprise, is a clearing-house center for many scientific explorations. In these headquarters is located John LaGroce, who modestly figures as an Associate Editor but is more than that. He is an associate of the millions of readers, for he takes them with him on his tours to the uttermost parts of the earth and unfolds an astounding mass of information. While famed for his trips far afield, John LaGroce's real delight is a trout stream in summer not far away from home and, during the winter, the deep-sea fishing waters of Florida. In his enthusiasm for this state he has called Miami Beach "a sunny room next door to Paradise."

emergency funds of war times. The presman respects for peace, in critical battle regarded as a ent situation is more trying and exacting than war measures enacted in the fervor and excitement of armed conflict. The natural inclination of the people in times of stress is to give the executive department full sway in fulfilling its constitutional functions in the simplest, most direct and logical way. They want to place the responsibility definitely on one man, dispelling the spectre of filibustering and log-rolling.

NOW that the Senate Chamber is provided with an influx of one hundred per cent pure air, Senator Royal S. Copeland, the hygienic expert of the august body, moves about in happy mood, for some years ago he made an eloquent appeal for health that impressed the Appropriations Committee, with the result that fresh air as well as "hot air" is now recognized in the atmosphere of the Senate Chamber. Through his newspaper syndicate Senator Copeland functions as the medical adviser of many millions of people. Among the constant readers of his health talks are a large number of senators who insist that their acquaintance with Senator Copeland is in itself an encouragement to health-promoting habits that serve to save on doctor bills and drugstore accounts.

AN event in Washington that makes them all sit up and take notice is the Gridiron Dinner. It is usually attended by the President of the United States, members of the cabinet, members of the judiciary and diplomatic corps, to say nothing of a sprinkling of senators and representatives. They are the guests of the live-wire newspaper correspondents, who, with shafts of wit, sarcasm, and sallies of music, poke fun at the passing foibles. There are no functioning reporters present, so that each one is enabled to speak his mind, let the dishes



Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York, the consulting physician of the United States Senate

clatter as they may. The vocal capacity of the Gridiron was put to a supreme test in adapting the latest jazz songs to parodies. President Hoover and his associates seemed to enjoy the good-natured wit at their expense. It is significant that nearly every president of the United States has been a guest of the Gridiron Club before his election to office. On this particular night there was a craning of necks to see who were present. Among those answering to the roll call were Senator Morrow and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, presidential possibilities, whose presence put no quietus on political gossip.

WHEN it comes to looking his senatorial record in the face as registered in roll calls, Senator Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina enjoys a real satisfaction in these days when some of his colleagues are trying to explain their voting for tariff schedules and then voting against the bill. He is the sole Democratic senator who refused to vote for a single tariff schedule, in spite of the appeals made to him from his constituents to vote for a tariff on schedules affecting his own state. Senator Smith is a farmer and a planter and has served in the



Senorita Maria Sacasa, a Washington debutante and daughter of the Minister of Nicaragua

Senate for twenty-two years. He started with the largest vote ever given a senator from his state and that vote has not diminished in later years. His service as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, to which he was elected at the end of a five-weeks deadlock between the parties, was noteworthy. In his fearless and outspoken way he has been responsible for important legislation affecting highways and farm relief. His high-pitched voice always attracts attention for he usually has some pointed remarks to offer for the delectation and information of his colleagues.



Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, Representative from Florida, who is following in the footsteps of her illustrious father

THE suggestion of Owen D. Young of the Reparations Commission after his recent return from Europe is that much trouble could be avoided if one group of leaders was to concentrate exclusively on economics and leave another group to deal with politics. There would at least be more satisfactory results, and the suggestion has appealed to steady-going citizens of the country who are courageously meeting unprecedented conditions in an effort to maintain wages and a standard of living as well as the economic equilibrium. This plan has naturally irritated some of the political bloc adventurers and swashbucklers, who foresee the spotlight fading out away from them in the course of the coming year. The fervor of the "flayer" seeking "the front page" for himself is subsiding, because the cool and level-headed judgment of the people on economic issues is beginning to assert itself, thoroughly disgusted with the demagogic political outbursts that have been feeding and fattening on the general depression and misfortune that always attend the cycles of unemployment.

BUSY indeed is The Radio Commission these days. The mail is usually extensive and varied, for the ether fans have a way of responding quickly and frequently. They throw off countless suggestions for programs and plans for better reception, carry on correspondence as to tubes, and there are a few that are still talking about batteries. The Radio Commission is keeping the channels clear and conducting hearings on a congested calendar. Experts are testifying and applicants are pleading for new stations. The limitations of radio are startling when the size of the country is considered. Radio legislation will continue with high frequency, with no silencer on the loudspeaker. It would seem as if radio programs still leave much yet to be desired in the fulfillment of the fundamental requirements of the radio law, "to be of public convenience, service and necessity."



Miss Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army

Some members of the Radio Commission have stoutly protested against the increased proportion of advertising announcements in connection with programs, an irritant mentioned in many complaints.

WHEN Representative Ruth Bryan Owen appeared in the lobby of the Mayflower attired in the costume of the South in ante-bellum days, it was considered an appropriate compliment to the women of the South by the first woman ever elected to Congress south of the Mason and Dixon line. While none could gainsay the attractive and impressive beauty of the costume

and the lady who wore it, there was also an appreciation of the remarkable talents that she has already demonstrated as a Federal legislator. Intensely popular in her own Florida district, she has followed her father in her devotion to the state named for flowers and may yet achieve an ambition of her father that was mentioned when he removed to Florida and began to sing of its praises. If there is a woman senator elected in the near future, many prophets insist that the initials will be "R. B. O."

THESE are the days when one realizes the broad and humane functions of the Salvation Army. Upon returning to the United States after a trip abroad, Evangeline Booth, the beloved daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army, took up her work with renewed activities, realizing that the conditions of unemployment would make it a busy year for her organization. The popular response for subscriptions has been very generous, but more is needed, for there is no human being that the Salvation Army is not ready and willing to help. All too few people realize how much every contribution means to the lads and lassies in uniform who are giving their life in the cause of the Master in helping out some unfortunate human being, inspired by the motto: "A man may be down but never out." This is the slogan identified with the work which in peace and war goes bravely on. Miss Booth in an interview was very positive as to the beneficial results of Prohibition, contrasting conditions before and after. She knew something of the hell dives wiped out and of the families who suffered from the habitual drunkenness that has been largely eliminated through the enactment of a constitutional amendment.

EVERY Saturday night the radio audience has the opportunity of listening to a regular forum in which members of the cabinet, senators, congressmen and other eminent public leaders discuss national questions. The forum was organized by Mr. Newbold Noyes of the Washington Evening Star and is under the direction of Mr. Kaufmann. The speakers arrive at the editorial sanctum and are conducted to a cosy, home-like

room where they sit at a desk and discuss what is uppermost in their minds, as quietly and intimately as if they were conversing at the fireside. There is no blare of music interfering. The distinguished speakers then step out of the studio into the lonesome quiet of the newspaper office, while the echoes of their voices are still fresh in the memories of those gathered around the loud speakers. A collection of these addresses would make a most interesting book, for they involve discussions *pro* and *con* on nearly every important public question that would make a senatorial debate seem as tame as a New Year's turkey without a gobble.

THE third man named for the office of Secretary of Labor is Mr. William J. Doak—pronounced to rhyme with "smoke." He is the first American-born citizen ever to occupy this position, for his two predecessors were William Wilson, born in Scotland, and James J. Davis, born in Wales. Mr. Doak hails from West Virginia and was for many years head of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. As his organization was not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, his appointment was opposed by President Green of that organization. In his protest, however, Mr. Green was very generous in his personal praise of Mr. Doak and his ability. The new secretary now occupies the swivel chair of the "Iron Puddler," Hon. James J. Davis, who has shifted to a swivel chair in the United States Senate, filling the long-time vacancy occasioned by the rejection of Senator Vare, whose election the Senate refused to recognize in view of the expenditures which they felt transcended the limit in the senatorial poker game.



Senator Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota

THE social season continues perhaps under a little restraint, but none the less gay and merry. The formal dinner is passing, for there must be some dancing, music and cards to complete the schedule. The hotels find their capacity taxed to care for the parties given there instead of at the homes. The Pan-American Building is the scene of the social gatherings of the representatives from South American countries and Cuba and Mexico that re-

flect the gentility of the old Castilian days in Spain. The music on these occasions is cosmopolitan and on one occasion the distinctive dances of twelve countries were given with the music that has stirred the festive spirit in many races for centuries past. Among the guests was Senorita Maria Sacasa one of the large number of the younger set who have recruited the diplomatic social lists in Washington. The social functions at the White House are under full swing. The Marine Band of today presents the same fascinating music for the poetry of motion.



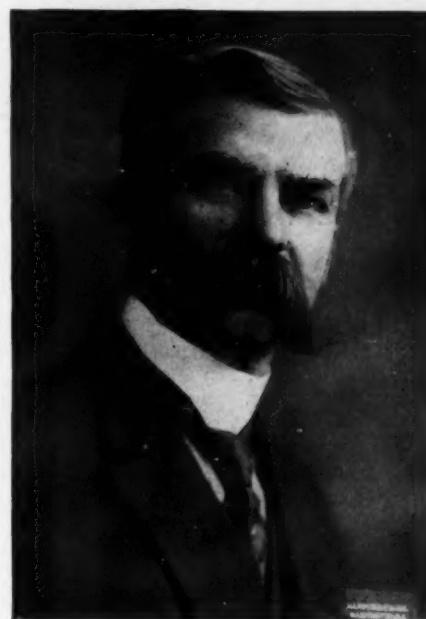
Hon. Owen D. Young a leader in American industry

SOME of the comment in Washington on awarding the Nobel prize to Sinclair Lewis, sounded a little like sour grapes from a number of aspiring writers in Congressional circles and elsewhere. It's a good thing for Sinclair Lewis that the people or their representatives in Congress have nothing to do with the awarding of Nobel prizes for there would then be no prize for the author of "Main Street." The award was based on a series of books which, like many motion pictures, are alleged to represent American life as faithfully and accurately as a Sears & Roebuck catalogue. The prize is at least equal to a good-sized congressional appropriation, but who ever heard of an author receiving \$46,300 from Congress for writing best sellers? Born in Sauk Center, Minn., in 1885, Sinclair Lewis will now pose with his massive brain resting in tired hands and sail for Europe to receive the halo that has placed him among the immortals. In the meantime he will continue to reside on his Connecticut farm as one who has functioned as a sage in the Nutmeg State and proclaim to the world an inspiring picture of his fellow-countrymen—if caricature novelists continue in vogue. Mr. Lewis' speech of acceptance condemning American Culture in general aroused no very warm approval in America except in certain iconoclastic circles. On the other hand, many European newspapers took the view that Americans are too sensitive to criticism and should admit that their country is, after all, the Land of Babbity.

* * *

EXCITEMENT was apparent at the Executive Office when it was announced that Sousa was coming with his band. It was a day of memories for him and the others present who heard the "Washington Post," his first march, which he first played many years ago. The march was named for the newspaper, "Washington Post" and was the first music used in the budding one-steps and two-steps, marking a revolt in the old-time dances, as it had prevailed since colonial

times. On this day the President dropped his work to greet the veteran band master as he took the baton from Leader Bransom and conducted his latest march, dedicated to the bi-centennial of Washington's birthday. He conducted vigorously with his sturdy right hand, while the President looked on and listened with much the same interest as when he went from West Branch to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to see Barnum's "Greatest on earth." He shook hands with the eminent "March-King of the world," and both had their pictures taken. The present leader of the Marine Band, Mr. Bransom, was virtually reared in the band, never having been a member of any other organization than his own beloved band.



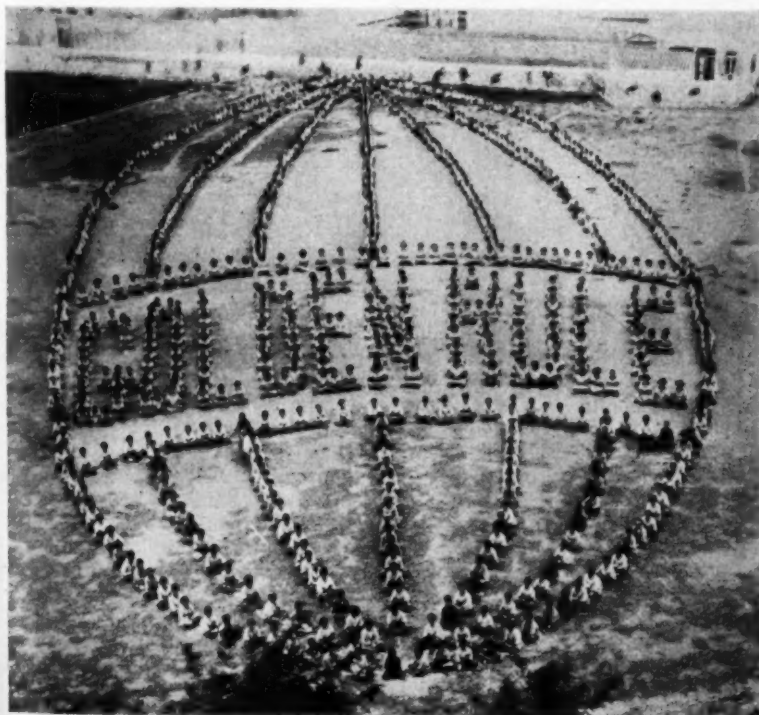
Senator Thomas James Walsh, elected for his fourth term from Montana

* * *

WHEN General Douglas MacArthur became general of the United States he had just reached the half century mark in life. He has the distinction of being the youngest man to ever hold that position. As a Commander overseas in the World War, as Superintendent of West Point, with an army experience covering nearly every area occupied by American soldiers he takes up his work well and duly prepared. He wears the oak leaf cluster, the insignia of Distinguished Service Medal and is entitled to wear many others that would more than cover the front of the uniform he has honored. He was born in Arkansas in the first month of the year 1880 and graduated from West Point in 1903. Twice wounded during his service he is counted by the army as one who knows the grim realities of army life.

* * *

According to constitutional schedule Congress convened on the first Monday in December. This is called the "lame duck" session as many senators and representatives responded to the roll call with the knowledge that they had been defeated and would not be able to vote under the dome of the Capitol—"on and after March 4th." The opening hours witnessed a meeting between the old and the new members, who listened to the President's Message which was also broadcast over the radio at the time it was being read to Congress. Passing appropriation bills and looking after measures for unemployment were first on the calendar—but Heaven knows where the debates may drift when the Congressional wind-mill is set in motion.



A thousand orphans who benefited from the Golden Rule Sunday of 1929

Program Director Bertha Brainard of NBC

This petite and versatile Miss who was always "getting into things," drove an ambulance during the war, turned to journalism, and finally entered the newly discovered field of broadcasting.

To-day she holds one of the most important positions in radio

BERTHA BRAINARD used to be always getting into things. She spent her childhood getting into jam pots and cookie jars at home. In school she got into difficulties with her teachers because she got into amateur theatricals more deeply than she got into her studies. She got into the war—as an ambulance driver for the Red Cross. She tried to get into the movies—but was frowned out by her parents. She got into newspaper work—as reporter and “rewrite man”. And then she got into radio.

That was eight years ago—in 1922, to be exact—and Miss Brainard has been in radio ever since. “There are so many different things in broadcasting one can get into that there is no need of getting into anything else,” is one of her reasons for staying put.

When the history of broadcasting is written, the career of Bertha Brainard, now Program Manager for the National Broadcasting Company in charge of all new sponsored program contacts, will occupy a prominent position in the volume. And several chapters.

Miss Brainard, petite, titian-haired, energetic and with expressive eyes, was first attracted to radio because the programs bored her. Instead of tuning out and forgetting the matter until another program presented itself, she tuned out and began to wonder if something could not be done about the situation. When she tried to present the ideas she had evolved to a radio station she was told she would have to have a letter from a member of the company's board of directors before she could be admitted. This turn-down clinched her conviction of the desirability of getting into broadcasting, and next day she gained entrance to the station on the pretext of doing a story for her paper. She did the story, but she also conveyed her ideas and impressions of broadcasting to the station manager. Permission to try out the ideas resulted. The station she visited was WJZ, then located in the plant of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, in Newark, N. J. The “studio” was an end of a ladies' rest room hung with draperies. The paid attaches could be counted on the fingers of one hand, but Miss Brainard saw future possibilities and devoted all her spare time to the station. Soon she was engaged on a full-time basis and from that start was made assistant manager. Next she came to New York in charge of the station's Broadway office, and eventually she was made manager of WJZ. Next came the formation of the National Broadcasting Company and the title of

Eastern Program Director. That post she held until her present position was created a few weeks ago. She is not only holding one of the biggest jobs in broadcasting, but is rated among the highest paid of the broadcasting executives.

The girl who “got into so many things” was born in South Orange, N. J. She attended grammar and high school there, and when her parents decided on school teaching as a career, she entered the Montclair Normal School. It is a matter of



Miss Bertha Brainard, the Petite but Dynamic Program Director of the National Broadcasting Company

record, however, that she was a great deal more interested in the campus theatricals than in the acquisition of the knowledge necessary to become a teacher. Once she decided to abandon the thought of teaching school and enter the motion picture field, an industry that then was just laying the foundation for the extensive industry it has since become. She had an offer and was far-sighted enough to envision the future of the films, but parental objection overruled.

On America's entrance into the World War Bertha Brainard promptly joined the ambulance section of the American Red Cross and pursued a varied career as driver until the Armistice. The excitement of this calling drove all thoughts of anything so humdrum as teaching school from Miss Brainard's head. After surveying the fields that were open to a personable young woman with red hair—the movies got some

more deep consideration—she got a job as writer for the Fairchild Press. Her salary was twenty-five dollars a week. The parents, still clinging to the hope that their little girl would be a school teacher, had much to say on this profession. They pointed out the instability of the newspaper business, and could discover no advantages over teaching. However, Miss Brainard stuck to her job rewriting current news. And when broadcasting was started she joined the ranks of those who listened evenings through a home-made crystal set. The set was made and kept in operation by her brother, and the two of them spent many an evening with headphones glued to their ears. But gradually the novelty began to wear off. The music from the same old phonograph records began to pall and the talks were never very interesting anyway. Suddenly Miss Brainard found herself bored with her new diversion. The more she listened the more bored she became, and eventually she started to wonder if something couldn't be done to keep the interest of others alive. The episode of gaining admission to the studio followed and Miss Brainard began to see many of her ideas for combatting boredom worked out at WJZ under the supervision of Charles B. Popenoe, then station manager.

When she was given permission to work out some of these ideas herself, Miss Brainard's love for the theatrical world asserted itself and she turned to the most colorful region available, Broadway, for the diversion she felt broadcasting needed. She was hampered by having no Broadway contacts, but overcame this difficulty by seeking advice from Heywood Brown, then a dramatic critic. She had never met Brown, either, but went to his office and introduced herself. That interview resulted in a series of reviews of current Broadway shows, of which the Shuberts' “Letty Pepper” was the first. The next step was the bringing of the talent itself to the Newark studio, and with this innovation Miss Brainard's broadcasting job became a full-time one. She couldn't offer any inducement to the actors and musicians other than the fun of broadcasting and whatever publicity might accrue. She did manage to obtain an appropriation for automobiles to convey the talent across the river. The contacts she made in this capacity enabled Miss Brainard to negotiate a series of Broadway play broadcasts direct from the stage. She not only had to make all preliminary arrangements for the programs, but supervised the installation of technical equipment and bore the responsibility of

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Happy Blossom Time at Howey-in-the-Hills

A citrus empire in a setting as beautiful as Nature endows, an unparalleled development of luxurious groves yielding fruit unexcelled—This is the result of the far-seeing vision of W. J. Howey, whose conception has crystallized into the fascinating community of Howey-in-the-Hills

MUCH has been written concerning the constructive achievement of W. J. Howey in transforming waste lands into radiant landscape aglow with white blossomed citrus groves. I am insisting on the editorial prerogative of writing something about the man.

In my rambles through the citrus groves I gathered information concerning his career. Broken in health in early manhood, he sought the Southland to prolong his life. Traveling extensively through Mexico over large areas of the tropics, he found strength and gathered vigor in his outdoor explorations. He had already started a great work with President Diaz when the revolution broke out. Attracted to Polk County, Florida, as the pivotal center of the citrus industry, he began a careful study of production and inaugurated a series of practical experiments with enthusiasm and a vision. This was twenty-five years ago and it is doubtful whether many individuals could produce a showing of more imposing concrete examples of citrus groves in all the history of horticulture.

Driving along the circling roads, lined on either side by endless billows of orange and grapefruit blossoms, inhaling a fragrance that suggested symbolic nuptials of the bewitching tender moonlight and the warmth of the sunshine, the scene was aglow with red, yellow and green, the primary colors of Nature. People travel from all the world to look upon this incomparable view. This location, with its hundred fresh water lakes, was chosen because Mr. Howey from his early experience knew what it meant to have water near at hand to protect and nurture citrus fruit. The community of Howey-in-the-Hills, with its homes and facilities for the growing of citrus fruits, is a magnet that has already drawn many thousands of visitors to look upon a floral and fruit-bearing triumph that is not surpassed in any single individual-managed citrus development in the world.

Before me was a man in the prime of life, looking out upon an empire of citrus trees that had grown under his very eyes. W. J. Howey is a lover and respecter of trees. As we drove along, we came upon a lone pine tree on the summit of the hill, that stood as a sentinel; the road was built around it. It had been preserved against wind and weather and age itself, and has stood out as an impressive symbol of W. J. Howey's veneration and knowledge of trees. It was still a beautiful growing tree, even wired and supported, silhouetted in the sunset, presenting a picture that might have thrilled the master painter Corot. I could not but think of the one man who inces-

santly had planned and worked during the long years in tests and projects that resulted in the Alpine country in Florida of today. Born on a farm in Odin, Illinois, the state that gave Lincoln birth, educated in the public schools, he proved in early life his ability as an executive. His genius for organization, gathering about him men who would work with him and assume responsibility in following out plans and orders, not given with the bluster of command, but with the friendliness of companionship, has characterized his quiet but effective efficiency that has carried his work on through all the shoals that come to every undertaking in the regular channels of business. He was the son of a minister and has always been recognized as a man of high integrity and has inspired confidence to such an extent that his organization seems more like an association than a corporation. In all his numerous business activities, he has never shirked his civic responsibilities and has taken a prominent part in public affairs. A candidate for Governor of Florida in 1928, he demonstrated that he believes a Republican as well as a Democratic party should be in action at the polls, if we would have a real democracy.

The entrance to Howey-in-the-Hills is made over a bridge a mile and a half long,

soms and miles of fruit-bearing trees in rows, will remain an enduring memorial to the man who is known by the magic initials of "W. J." but who was christened with the practical name of "William John." As a member of the Educational Commission of the state of Florida, to say nothing of many other outside organizations, including the National Art Club of New York and South Shore Country Club of Chicago, he has the breadth of a cosmopolitan citizen, whose work is based upon an intensified love of the home spirit as the unit that builds a great nation or a contented world. In his home all this is exemplified in a hospitality that has the heartiness of sincerity, the warmth of a considerate understanding, and an appreciation of his fellow men.

It was natural for such a man to plan a homecoming for his old friend, Opie Read, in the full-orbed appreciation of his literary achievements. The occasion brought greetings from several hundred eminent people, including President Hoover, members of the cabinet, congressmen, college presidents, and authors of international renown. Mayor Walker of New York, Rex Beach, Irvin S. Cobb, Gene Tunney, Otto H. Kahn, Secretary Stimson, Fannie Hurst, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and former Governor Alfred Smith are the names of



A view of the big meeting on the grounds where Opie Read was presented by Editor Chapple, after "Bozo" the educated dog had barked his greetings in measured tones

providing an impressive picture as one approaches this community with the hyphenated name that is most appropriate. No one thinks of Howey without completing the official name "in-the-Hills." The friendly softened contour of these hills, the highest in Florida, with wreaths of blos-

only a few of the hundreds of personages who congratulated Opie Read. The Orlando Reporter-Star newspaper band led the procession to the festivities at the Hotel Floridan on that eventful day.

When Opie Read entered he saw a dining room with royal purple and silken

decorations, immaculate tables, and streamers of fern and Crimson Lake bougainvillea. Great bouquets of enormous red Radiance roses decorated the speakers' table.

"There he comes," was the cry as guests arose en masse, waving napkins and applauding vigorously. The band played "Hail to the Chief." Opie Read, with black suit, flowing artist tie and tousled hair, nonchalantly made his way to the throne-like chair of honor at the speakers' table; powerful in robust manhood of six feet three inches, with keen, kindly eyes and gentle, gracious mannerisms.

Here a large assembly of prominent people, persons from all parts of the country, gathered to honor Opie Read as he sat in the royal chair of Friendship. The guests paid their tributes in earnest words after Mr. Howey had given a real welcome. It was an occasion in which everyone present seemed to take a part. Now and then a moment of silence prevailed as the personal greetings came in by radio from far-away points. Greetings were read from fellow authors, who had penned their best. The other telegrams continued to come in. It was truly a feast of friendliness. Music, flowers, and good cheer dominated. Outside the still larger throng awaited to hear from the honored guests. "Bozo," the trained dog, joined Opie with uncanny tests of mental telepathy, barking out his answers to mathematical problems with unerring exactness. The children felt that it was their day as Opie Read stood before them with the magical "Bozo" wagging his tail under-

standingly. Miss Florence Smock, who won the prize as the healthiest girl in America, joined with the other speakers in paying tribute to the Florida of the present. All that sunny afternoon the bands played, the speaking continued like an old-fashioned babecue, and everybody seemed to shake hands with everybody else some time during the proceedings. Strangers from afar and near-by neighborhoods milled among the throng on that memorable if not epochal gala day at Howey-in-the-Hills, where a friendly tribute was enthroned.

One of the reporters present indulged in rather glowing phrases concerning the modest toastmaster:

"Joe Mitchell Chapple, affable and eloquent editor of the National Magazine, author of note, toastmaster extraordinary, world traveler, (28 times across the Atlantic), Chautauqua speaker, confidant of presidents, and friend of everybody—here from Boston to act as master of ceremonies, and Joe certainly did do some plain and fancy acting. The great and only Joe. He wore a purple tie, 'to match the decorations,' he said. Well, Joe, it was a hot tie but it will fade, while your merry thrusts and lalapaloosa rhetoric, your sunshine and your heart throbs, your benediction on Opie Read's mother, your apotheosis to the Stars and Stripes—these and more are everlasting flowers in the bouquet of memory."

After singing Auld Lang Syne the guests lingered about as if loath to leave, feeling that they had rejuvenated the old-time friendly spirit of frontier days. It was

counted a red-letter day in the magic of memories.

Magic seems the appropriate word for the so-called Alps of Florida, where William J. Howey has turned turkey oaks and scrub pine into golden-graced orange and grapefruit trees.

This Howey-in-the-Hills development of Central Florida is heralded as the largest single-managed development in the world, with plantings representing twelve thousand acres of scientifically cultivated pedigreed orange and grapefruit trees, selected for their quality and quantity proclivities.

Garnished with an almost incredible number of sparkling lakes, Howey-in-the-Hills boasts the highest elevation in the state of Florida. While that is only slightly more than 300 feet, when it is known that the average altitude of the Florida peninsula is scarcely more than a dozen feet above sea level, these hills by comparison become "mountains." Ten years ago this picturesque ridge was for the most part an uncultivated wilderness. At this moment a crop of one hundred thousand boxes of grapefruit and forty thousand boxes of oranges is being brought in and, because it is fruit from trees that have been given the best attention of efficient horticulturists, this fruit spells quality, some of it being the finest ever grown by man. Because it is that kind of fruit, it tops the market. Of course, all fruit cannot be perfect in appearance, and so at Howey-in-the-Hills fruit that is off color or off size is taken to the company-owned juice-canning plant. The output of this plant, now operating at top speed, is estimated at 100 car-



In the far dim distance under the flag at the speakers' table at the rear of the room is Mr. Howey; next to him at the right is Opie Read; then in order are Joe Mitchell Chapple, Dr. Shailor Holmes of Daytona Beach, and Mrs. Howey. In the immediate foreground at the left is Dr. Clarence Nice, Director of Music, Rollins College; next to him and looking at the camera is John C. Lockner, publisher of Florida Newspaper News and vice-president of the National Editorial Association

loads for the season, 5,000 gallons of orange and grapefruit juice going into cans every 24 hours. The juice is nationally distributed and quantities of it go across the Atlantic to England and throughout the world. Not satisfied with extracting the juice, Mr. Howey has gone a step further and takes the peelings and distills from them the essential oils, a procedure that adds twenty cents to each box of fruit.

"Gee whiz," said a visitor who had observed the present fruit selling, juice-canning by-product activities at Howey-in-the-Hills, "you fellows save everything but the squirt—and I don't mind telling you that this morning I even got that."

The great Howey-in-the-Hills development, with its estimated valuation of \$20,000,000, is a fine present-moment exemplification of the wealth-producing possibilities of agricultural Florida.

Visiting with some of the thousands of persons owning groves in Howey-in-the-Hills, I found a spirit of optimism that was refreshing in these times. The groves were growing while they were awake and asleep, and they were harvesting an abundant crop. Among those with whom I chatted while walking and sitting in the sunshine, was Mr. Charles H. Emery. Born in old New England, he began his business career in Chicago and became general manager of Libby, McNeil and Libby. His record indicates that he worked while he worked, and now he plays as he works, due to his orange groves investments. "Early in life, I wanted a farm where I could enjoy real independence and one that pays sure-fire profits. My experience in selling food products proved to me that fruit was about the most staple and profitable product that comes from the soil. I figured it out that you get more out of your labor and investment in growing fruit than most any other community. Fourteen years ago I planted a grove in California at Anaheim. Six years ago it began bearing and in that time has returned all initial investment with a substantial profit besides. This experience encouraged me to look about Florida. When Mr. Howey invited me down here to

give him my opinion concerning his project as a practical investment I came, I saw and was conquered. It was as clear to me as two and two making four that trees planted in this location and taken care of would bring an income that would even surpass my California venture, providing an income as assured as any annuity that could be provided. And that is just what is being done here."

After visiting his grove I did not wonder at his enthusiasm. I was handed a cluster of large-sized grapefruit on the branch. Nestling in the leaves they made the most beautiful sight I had ever seen in the way of fruit. Not far away were orange trees fairly ablaze with golden spheres. The limbs of many of the trees were so heavy with fruit that they had to be propped up. It would seem as if every blossom that had appeared on these trees had made good.

The proof of the fruit is in "the tasting thereof." Experts declare that the finest grapefruit and oranges to be grown anywhere are grown here. I ate many grape-

fruit that day and if the grapefruit juice I drank is counted in the sum total it might have added another half dozen to the collection. There are doctors who declare that grapefruit juice and soda is an excellent preventive and remedy for colds. It is said that during the "flu" epidemic grapefruit juice proved of specific curative value.

If I could call the roll of the thousands of people who own groves in Howey-in-the-Hills, there would be many enthusiasts such as Mr. Emery, because they have actually made the investment pay in dollars and cents, aside from the thrill of living in the open and of watching the trees turn out their streams of golden wealth. The sight of the wholesome varied tint of green, the foliage of the trees, the cleanliness and orderliness of the great area of twelve thousand acres in citrus groves tells a story that cannot be described in words or in a photograph or painting. It is something that is felt profoundly through the eyes, the windows of our souls.



Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Howey before their Howey-in-the-Hills home, which was built through the cultivation of quality citrus groves. Between them are their daughters, Mary and Lois, and the family's proud pet, "Big Boy"

Program Director Bertha Brainard of NBC

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program director. In addition, she served as announcer, working from a microphone on the stage. By this time it was becoming increasingly difficult to lure talent to Newark with no greater inducement than a ride through the factory district of that city, so officials of the Westinghouse Company decided to open a New York office through which broadcasting talent could be booked. Miss Brainard was placed in charge of this office and given the responsibility for most of the station's programs. If she failed in her booking efforts, the pro-

gram builders were forced to resort to ambitious high school performers or phonograph records.

In the natural course of events the WJZ studios—there were more than one by this time—were moved to New York and Miss Brainard was named assistant to Popenoe. She held this position until the formation of the National Broadcasting Company in 1926. With this development Popenoe, who has since died, was made treasurer of the

new organization and his assistant became manager of WJZ. As the routine of the two NBC key stations became more and more closely allied the station manager's title was abolished and Miss Brainard was selected as Eastern Program Director. She held that position, with much of the responsibility of the network programs emanating from New York, until her present place was created, all encompassing "Program Director" of the National Broadcasting Company, covering a field almost as great as the realm of Ether itself.

As the Theatric Lights Come and Go

A glimpse of some of the Plays and Players of the current season in matters theatrical

The finale of the program recently given by the Dramatic Department of The New England Conservatory of Music was as fascinating a production as has been seen on the stage in Boston. It was a scene reproducing the costumes and music of the ball given the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, in 1860. This had followed the coming of Dickens to America, who had proclaimed Boston as the center of American culture—an event that more than confirmed his judgment. This particular affair eclipsed New York City in its splendor and good taste. It was preceded by a social battle as to whether the wife of the Governor or the wife of the Mayor should be the first to dance with the Prince. Mayor Lincoln won out, for he possessed a name that was looming portentously on the horizon at that time.

What a pleasure it was for me to meet Mrs. Rosamond Warren Gibson, who was present at that ball! She was fourteen on this occasion, wearing her first society dress. The ball was held in the Boston Theatre on the huge stage, then one of the largest in the country and the dances proceeded that were re-enacted by the Conservatory students. Mrs. Gibson was with her younger sister, while the surging crowd pushed forward to catch a better glimpse. The younger sister broke into hysterical tears after witnessing the state-lancers and had to be taken home.

Mrs. Gibson recalled some of the personages present. There was the wife of Thomas Chickering, the piano manufacturer, who, of course, had a Chickering piano on the stage. There were the two Chickering brothers, who had married two sisters that were social leaders of their day. Miss Lillian Fay, who afterwards married Mr. Parker, was the grandmother of Mr. Augustine Parker. Mrs. Banks was the wife of the Governor, Nathaniel P. Banks, who had a distinguished Civil War record. Mrs. Wise was a daughter of Edward Everett, who spoke with Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. Mrs. Fanny Crowninshield, the reigning belle, was the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, under Presidents Monroe and Madison, and the mother of Charles F. Adams, Secretary of the Navy in President Hoover's Cabinet and related to Mrs. Gibson. What a reality attaches itself to historic events when we can look upon people who actually experienced the thrills that reverberate in remembrance.

THE VINEGAR TREE

"The Vinegar Tree" by Paul Osborne was the first production of Mr. Wiman since he dissolved partnership with Mr. Brady, Jr. Certainly Mr. Wiman has learned his *metier* in his few years in the managerial game. His director, Winchel Smith, is a veteran of many successes of his own composition and direction. The cast includes Mary Boland, who plays the part of a middle-aged, scatter-brained matron, who is as bored by country life as she is by her doddering, acid-tongued husband, H. Reeves Smith, who is constantly ordering guests from their home, and then dozing off in a chair, only to wake in a new choler. The guests happen to be the wife's sister, Katherine Wilson, who is many times divorced, and now has turned up after fifteen years with her artist-lover, Max Lawrence. The young daughter of the household arrives home from college in tears because her youthful suitor hasn't asked her, "because she is a virgin, and has never exercised her passion"; however, he arrives because he "just can't stay away," and then odd things happen. The wife sees in Mr. Lawrence the flame of her youth and plans an "illicit elopement," her sister amuses herself instructing the young suitor, who for a time is dazzled; Mr. Lawrence in turn, is about to marry the daughter and the second-act curtain falls on this turbulent situation. Needless to say, it being a farce, things straighten themselves out by eleven o'clock, and the last scene discloses a quaint quirk.

The quality of Miss Boland's acting is of a brittle, mechanical *genre*, suited especially to farce. She throws off many a good line with just the proper gusto, turns her head, timing the laughs, then plunges tempestuously on. One moment you are in a rage at her blatant artificiality and the next, you are soothed by her artifice.

The first night audience was a brilliant one, and the applause was vociferous.

CARLETON HARPER.

SWEET AND LOW

"Sweet and Low" is the Fanny Brice, George Jessel, and James Barton review, tried out under the title of "Corned Beef and Roses." It has little in the way of beautiful costumes or stage settings to dazzle the eye, and perhaps the chorus isn't the most gorgeous or best trained on Broadway, but there is a lot of genuine humor, and that, together with the charming dancing of Moss and Fontana, and Bograh Vinevich, with his musical rascals

doing wonders with harmonicas, furnishes a well-balanced evening's entertainment. There is one thing about it I haven't understood to date. I was told by many a "homme qui sait" that "Sweet and Low" would give my Bostonian standards quite a jolt; but instead I laughed with such full enjoyment of it all, and especially at James Barton's monologue about the Mad Dog. Someone outdid me in guffaws at the travesty called "Strictly Unbearable," where Fanny Bryce, as the little Southern maid, finds herself in the apartment of the Italian singer (George Jessel) with five couches in the room "and not a place to sit down."

CARLETON HARPER.

GREEN PASTURES

Not having been in New York when "Green Pastures" opened, I have purposely kept away from it during its run of the last year and a half. I was hurried into going by a friend from Savannah, Ga., who prodded: "Of course you haven't seen 'Green Pastures'—you wouldn't understand it if you did see it. I mean you don't know the Negro as I do, and you couldn't appreciate the working of his mind as you see it portrayed in, for instance, the scene of the fish fry, when Gabriel with his horn that he never blows, leads his Master to the picnic, shouting 'Gangway for de Lawd'."

For the twenty-four hours following I tried to analyze my own reactions. Surely the fish fry meant little or nothing, and the "spirituals" (which form of music doesn't appeal to me) seemed everlasting, for there are eighteen scenes, each preceded by a song while you sit in a darkened theater waiting for the scene to be changed. But I did find something that thrilled me: the note of redemption through suffering that is simply told in the scene where Moses sees the Promised Land he is never allowed to reach. He is sitting on a rock alone, deserted by the Children of Israel, whom he has led for forty years, when "de Lawd" appears and take me Home "to a land where there is no suffering."

As I reviewed all the little scenes from "de Lawd's office" to the Garden of Eden, the building of the Ark, etc., I realized that this play has kept running for a year and a half *not* because it expresses the Negro idea of Heaven, but rather your and my idea of the making of Heaven and Earth as taught to us when we were children and construed by us in simple terms of childhood's faith.

CARLETON HARPER.

Editor Lew Brown Turns Outstanding Poet

In his latest collection, "Woman and Other Poems," the proprietor of the St. Petersburg Independent displays a versatility and a genius for pure poetry rarely found in modern verse

LEW B. BROWN has developed a quality and versatility in his verse that have been attained by few contemporary poets. Ever since 1875 he has been connected with the publishing business, purchasing the St. Petersburg (Florida) Evening Independent in 1908 and nurturing this journal into a leader of the press. Despite the sometimes-held opinion that a career in journalism precludes success in pure poetry, Llewellyn Buford Brown is a master in this art.

The appearance of "Woman and Other Poems" in the spring of 1930 marked an important event in the history of Floridian literature. This volume of poems contains gems of genius and poetic feeling that are rarely found to-day. Critics have agreed that it is an outstanding book. "Woman", the first poem, from which the volume derives its name, reveals Lew Brown as a penetrating thinker as well as a capable poet. This introductory piece is appropriately designated a "Debate" between "She" and "He", depicting the age-old argument that has echoed since Adam and Eve. The opening lines vividly present the bone of contention:

She:

Heed not the humpback wit who feared to face
And know God's majesty or Woman's grace,
But yet presumed to state as Wisdom's span:
"The proper study of mankind is Man."

Thus men to men their egotism prate,
Despising all that Nature's laws translate!
If you seek truth, learn from each pregnant
omen,
The one great study for man-mind is Woman.

All men save one from Woman drew their
breath,
And he transgressed and doomed his race to
death;

and so on, in the same mood. Then "He" takes up the brief for man, for instance asking:

What profit, then, to study Woman's way
Who knows not her own self from day to day,
But sets her sails to every wind's require
That promises the port of her desire?

For thirty-pages the author recounts the eternal discussion in this Shakespearean swing, though woe betide him who would decide the question.

The great gamut over which Lew Brown plays his poetical tunes is indicated by the headings of the four remaining sections of the book, namely "European Impressions—1925," "In Lighter Vein," "Negro Character Sketches," and "Miscellaneous Poems." Under the "Miscellaneous" classification we find "A Bit of Lace," "Bimini," "Florida,

My Florida," "To a Mulatto," and "God is Love"—a vast range indeed. Penetrating and fundamental ideas permeate several of the poems in this section, notably the poetical nugget entitled "Revolt":

O inexorable Custom! Before thy stern decree
Proud heads and aching hearts alike must
bow—
Love, right and need yield to propriety
And ghastly future conquers lusty now.
Yea, I too must bend; but as I cringe the knee
Despise myself that I should humble so.
I hate thee, daughter of Hypocrisy!
And, hating thee, defy thy frown or blow.



Lew B. Brown, St. Petersburg, Fla., author of "Woman, and Other Poems"

Lew Brown's amazing range is shown in his poem "Confidence," in which a genuinely religious note is touched throughout as in this first stanza:

What though the stones be in my path,
The thorns grow thick along?
Is not God in the zephyr's breath
That bears my hopeful song?

In this next poem, "To My Wife," an utterly different mood is evinced, beginning in this buoyant way:

Sixty-two!
Gee whiz! Can that be true?
Do I seem old as that to you?
Well, maybe so. I never knew
That life was just a-skippping through
So fast. And still so much to do

The Floridian editor has evidently been blessed with a most wholesome philosophy

of life, breathing out throughout his book gems like this (in "Heart of the World"):

And thus we say "The merry world," or else
"The world is sad,"
When all depends upon our hearts if it be
glum or glad.

Again, "My Neighbor and I" opens in this healthy and delightful fashion:

My neighbor lives in a mansion rare—
I in a cot;
Fine is his raiment, rich his fare—
Mine are not.
My neighbor's brow is seamed with care
And grief has frosted his beard and hair,
While health and joy have come to share
My simple lot.

"Woman and Other Poems" is so saturated with quotable stanzas that culling the best bits is a difficult task. Space forbids the giving of even adequate examples of the final two sections, "In Lighter Vein" and "Negro Character Sketches," but small tastes of what he has done in these two respects are combined in the amusing piece entitled "Miss Deception":

Miss Polecat's good for observation,
But not for close-up contemplation.
Her soft fur fills you wid temptation,
Her cute face wins your admiration,
She glides wid graceful undulation
And purs wid feline fascination.
But, brudder, heed dis adjuration:
Don't git fooled by dat gal's noration,
'Cause she's de way to tribulation
An' totes a rancid reputation.

Lew B. Brown is intimately connected with the city of his adoption, St. Petersburg, Florida. After owning the Evening Independent there for two years, in 1910 he made the famous "Sunshine Offer" that is explained thus on the stationery of the newspaper today: "The Evening Independent's entire home edition given away free every day the sun does not shine on the city of St. Petersburg." No other journal in the world has ever made such an offer. In the twenty years since 1910 one hundred and four free editions were given away, at the expense of about \$50,000 to Mr. Brown and his son, but in the meantime St. Petersburg has been aided in developing into one of the most popular resorts in America. He has sung the praises of his adopted city in his song "Sunshine City Sunshine." Still editor and business manager of his newspaper, although now in his seventieth year, he is a real power in St. Petersburg, accepting many positions of trust and honor there, but never a political post. In regard to politics and other fields of activity, Lew B. Brown has ever maintained himself as a vigorous and independent thinker.

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Editor of "The Nation" Finds a real Lifeline in "Crossing the Bar"

Every time I hear a poem repeated as the favorite of two, twenty and a hundred people, I see new beauty in the lines, and I listened as the editor of the *Nation* commended "Crossing the Bar" as one of the gems of literature that modern critics will never assign to an age, a class, or to any mode or mood. Its universal appeal remains unassailable; its sentiment has a definiteness and an emotion that will touch the heart of future generations as it has those of the past; its poetic form will never pass in expressing that sublime faith in meeting the last adventure unafraid.

Oswald Garrison Villard has chosen these lines of Tennyson as his favorite and has plenty of good company in his selection. Mr. Villard, born in 1872, is the grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist leader—a man of distinguished family, whose name is connected with all that makes Boston an historic city, with its streets redolent of tradition.

Educated at Harvard, Oswald Villard received the usual merited degrees, adding to these honors at Washington and Lee University, as well as Lafayette. As Assistant Professor of History at Harvard and editorial writer on the Philadelphia press, he prepared for his extensive power as editor of *The Nation*. At one time he was owner and president of the *New York Evening Post*, the newspaper edited by William Cullen Bryant. In book form some of his writings comprise "Publications Fifty Years After," "John Brown, a Biography," and "Germany Embattled." Expressing his choice of a heart poem, even those who no longer turn the leaves of yesterday to read again the classic "In Memoriam" or the romanticism in "Maud," will enjoy the nobility of expression in the lines:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bounding deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that, the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out the bourne
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

JULIAN STREET

The Author of "Rita Coventry" and Many Other Novels makes an interesting Comment on His Favorite Heart Poems

In his home on Park Avenue, New York Julian Street, the distinguished author, wrote those inimitable novels, stories and plays that have made him famous in the literary world. He was born in Chicago in 1879 and educated in the Chicago public schools before the era of the gunmen. Beginning his career as a newspaper man, he soon won distinction as a dramatic critic, which only seemed to whet his ambition to do literary work. His first story, "My Enemy the Motor," appeared in 1908 and remains a classic in the literature of the automobile. Widely traveled, his books "Mysterious Japan" and "Abroad at Home" have a colloquial charm that makes the author almost seem to be one of the family circle when his books are read around the evening lamp. His "Rita Coventry" in 1922 was a great success. He wrote the comedy "Country Cousin" with Booth Tarkington and won the O. Henry Memorial Prize in 1925 for the best short story, for he continues one of the most popular contributors to magazines.

In response to my query as to what poem he considered his favorite he told me:

"I cannot say that poetry or music have greatly influenced me, though I enjoy both, nor can I offer you a poem that is definitely my favorite. I can give you, however, two short poems by Sarah Teasdale which I think beautiful. The first is called 'Song,' and I do not know where it was published:"

Look back with longing eyes and know that
I will follow,
Lift me up with your love as a light wind
lifts a swallow,
Let our flight be far in sun or windy rain—
But what if I heard my first love calling me
again?

Held me on your heart as the brave sea holds
the foam,
Take me far away to the hills that hide your
home.
Peace shall thatch the roof and love shall
latch the door—
But what if I heard my first love calling me
once more?

"The second, by the same poet, is 'I Shall Not Care,' and I find it in the latest edition of the matchless collection 'The Home Book of Verse,' compiled by my friend Burton E. Stevenson:"

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-
hearted,
I shall not care.

EDWARD JOHNSON

A Popular Opera Singer Singles out Shelley's "Skylark"

Waiting for his entrance cue at the opera that night, I heard Edward Johnson humming a song without words. "I hardly realized that Shelley's 'Skylark' was one of my most cherished poems until I found myself repeating it at these intervals and applying it to others as well as myself."

This was his deferred answer to my request as to his heart throb. When he continued, "the poem is a sublime contrasting of human emotions and is radiant with enthusiasm and idealism," I further agreed with him. He often inscribes the lines when sending gifts to friends:

We look before and after,
And pine for what is naught,
And our sweetest laughter
With some pain is fraught.
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought.

With an international reputation, born in Ontario and educated at the University of Toronto, Edward Johnson does not forget the home city. He married the daughter of Viscount Jose D'Armierio of Lisbon. After singing at the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, he began his study under Lombardi in Italy and in Florence and sang for five seasons in Milan, and was the creator of Parsifal in Italian. Engagements in Rio Janiero, Buenos Aires and many South American cities rapidly followed. More recently he has been connected with the Chicago Opera Company and latterly with the Metropolitan of New York.

It seems quite fitting that a singer should enjoy the music of "The Skylark," for as the poet Wordsworth said of the same little feathered songster, "There is joy divine in that song of thine."

Hail to thee, blithe spirit. Bird, thou never wert
That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains on unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher, from the earth thou springest.
Like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingest
And singing still, dost soar and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS

The Commander of the "Yankee Division" in France Seeks Inspiration in Emerson

In his own genially gruff way, which his soldiers recall so affectionately, General Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the 26th Division A. E. F., responded heartily. "I think the self-sacrifice and the inspiration of the youth of America is expressed in Emerson's poem, especially in his lines:"

So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

The General's appreciation of youth and the tremendous part young men played in the tragic struggle of our great war is nothing short of inspiring. For had I not seen him pin a medal on a dying boy in the hospital overseas and heard the admiration and the fine spirit breathe from lips soon to be cold when the reply came, "My General!" Then I knew what it meant to see a great man moved to the depths. Those of us who were with General Edwards at the front and on other occasions overseas, came to understand why he was a great commander and why he felt a heart throb at the lines, "The youth replies, 'I can'." It was that undying hope of youth that kept the stream of American youth following on and on where duty led.

The retired Major General of the U. S. Army was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1860. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1883, and later received an A.M. from Johns College and an LL.D. from Fordham University of New York, while Boston College and the University of Michigan conferred honors upon him in 1923. His was a notable army record in Panama, and the Philippines and when in charge of the Insular Bureau before he was called to command a Division overseas.

Where a man is born, what his parentage or his after training, count but little against the real life of the man and the performance of his work. Training fits one to do his life work, but it does not perform it. It is hard to fix upon any one trait that has lifted a man to a position of honor and power, but when a man is thus raised, it is tremendously pleasant to find him unspoiled by success, loving life in its simplicity and still warm-hearted toward the world. Such is the beloved General Edwards.

There is an expression of peace and contentment in the very name which the General has given his estate at Westwood, Massachusetts—"Doneroving"—a name that implies a happy return to familiar and beloved association.

WILLIAM A. HARPER

Brings a College President's Contribution

While traveling in North Carolina, I continually heard the name of Dr. William Harper, first as a college president, then as an author and as General Secretary of

the Christian Endeavor Society. After I heard him speak with poetic flashes I was curious to learn what poem had been a treasure in the large storehouse of Dr. Harper's mind.

As President of Elon College, seeing youth in the formative period, Dr. Harper has gathered interesting life stories and has had the opportunity of studying human nature, which makes his book, "Making of Men," vitally helpful. "New Laymen for New Time" and "New Church for New Time" reveal Dr. Harper's advanced thought, while his two volumes "Preparing the Teacher" have been important in educational circles.

As they gravely recorded in early days, he first "saw the light of day" in Berkeley, Va., in 1880. Graduating from the Military Academy of his home town, he afterwards received the honor of A. B. at the college of which he is now president. An M. A. at Yale and the degree Litt. D. at Defiance College are other honors that followed. Many literary treasures as well as much erudition he brings to his work among the young.

As might be expected of him, his beloved poems were those so universally enjoyed, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and David's 23d Psalm being favorites. "Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' leads, not alone for its chiseled style, but for its fundamental truth," he declared authoritatively. "Those who learned the poem in youth love it for its rhythm and dignity and find through the years deeper meanings in the lines."

To him, who in the love of nature, holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language; for his gayer hours She has a voice of gladness; and a smile And eloquence of beauty; and she glides Into his darker musings with a mild And gentle sympathy, that steals away Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts Of the last bitter hour come like a blight Over thy spirit, and sad images Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall And breathless darkness, and the narrow house Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart, Go forth under the open sky, and list To nature's teachings.

This was followed by repeating his favorite "Psalm of Life," in which Longfellow seems to have echoed the deep soul longings of millions in all walks of life.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

The Famous Artist and Publisher of "Life" Lingers in Heart Memories of Gray's "Elegy"

A bold signature, with a circle for dot over the "i," admirably adapted for reduction and reproduction, on a sheet of paper marked "Life," was the lively documentary expression of the emphatic decision of Charles Dana Gibson in reference to the one poem that has lingered on with him during the years. It was marked Gray's "Elegy" in letters large enough to be displayed on one of the ancient tombstones in the graveyard at Stoke Pogis, which was the setting and inspiration of Gray's im-

mortal lines. Again came to his memory the familiar and incomparable verses:

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1867, Charles Dana Gibson was named for the distinguished Charles Dana of the *New York Sun*, whose early experiences at the Brook Farm with Ralph Waldo Emerson and others had given that part of Boston an atmosphere of artistic, philosophic and literary cult.

Charles Dana Gibson's illustrations now grace the files of nearly all of the leading magazines, and he is famous as the originator of the Gibson girl of the naughty nineties, but his world-wide reputation was established in his work in *Life* the publication in which he has a controlling interest. As an author he quickly won favor with his "Sketches in London." The outgrowth of this was his "People of Dickens."

In his studio, in his office, or in the rest days at his cottage at Deep Harbor, his summer home in Maine, Mr. Gibson is an impressive personality. In appearance businesslike with scholarly stoop, clear blue eyes and expressive face and massive head, with scant hirsute adornment aloft, the publisher of *Life* and the popular American artist is a picturesque and popular figure in the life of New York.

GEORGE COLEMAN

Compresses It All in an Epigram

On his recent trip around the world George Coleman shook hands with the people of many countries and added to his reputation as an international greeter. He is one of those men whom people slap on the back in a friendly way, and he knows just how to respond with another slap, indicating the genial democracy of the man. He seems to give full and complete attention to every individual he meets, whether it is Lloyd George, Mencken, or Al Smith on a stumping tour.

As president of the National Open Forum, he has welcomed and introduced from the platform and otherwise, men and women from every quarter of the globe, who have a message in behalf of their country and their race. The originator and director of the Ford Hall meetings in Boston, George W. Coleman has eliminated much of race prejudice and class distinc-

tion, through open discussions based as far as possible on first-hand information.

Naturally his favorite bit of verse would be a bit of philosophy that had a genial glint. Questioned on the subject, he replied with a jovial smile that was conclusive, "There is a little verse, anonymous in its authorship, which has always struck me as puissant, homely, but choice. It runs as follows:

"Bite off more than you can chew
And chew it;
Plan for more than you can do,
And do it.
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat—and there you are!"

"This came to me as a newspaper clipping and I used it in an address at Roger Babson's National Conference, for I thought it typified Mr. Babson's vision, philosophy and homely way of expressing himself. In 1921 I placed it on a bronze tablet set in a boulder which stands in the centre of the Babson Institute campus just behind a memorial seat, to mark the establishment of the campus. Everyone who sees it is impressed. Some find fault with its colloquial expression and miss the inspiration of it, but it grips me tremendously. It is a powerful sermon in the briefest possible compass."

The verse may not be a classic, but it might hang over one's desk as a reminder that would be more stimulating than an Italian sonnet. In his active life Mr. Coleman can safely look the little rhyme in the face.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Literary Editor of the "New York Sun" sends Lines from Hilaire Belloc

Henry Hazlitt—with his hand on the financial pulse of human affairs—declares that no poem or prose passage stands out vividly in his memory, but with a flash of his whimsical humor he adds the lines of Hilaire Belloc:

When I am dead
I hope to have it said:
His sins were scarlet,
But his books were read.

"This may not exactly give me a throb," writes this busy man from the office of the *New York Sun*, "but it has its points."

Henry Hazlitt's name is usually connected with financial writing, but he has been literary editor of the *New York Sun* since 1925. He was born in Philadelphia in 1894 and attended the College of the City of New York. He began work on the *Wall Street Journal* and later joined the financial staff of the *New York Evening Post*. For two years he wrote a monthly financial letter for the *Mechanics and Metals National Bank*. The *Evening Mail* and the *Herald* have also carried his name on the staff.

During the World War Mr. Hazlitt turned his attention and gave his efforts to the Air Service. However, during his crowded hours he has found time to write two most convincing books, "Thinking as a Science" and "The Way to Will Power," real guide books in applied psychology.

The writer of such books could hardly deny a love for poetry and we must believe that—like hosts of others—poetry is so much an expression of beauty that it is hard to fix upon any definite fragment. As Emerson says, referring to poets as interpreters of beauty, "The poet is the only true teller of news, for he was present and privy to the appearance which he describes." And again: "Homer's words are as costly and admirable to Homer as Agamemnon's victories are to Agamemnon."

It seems indicative, when a man is not inclined to fix upon any one verse as most admired; it presupposes that he is attuned to all fine cadences of life. It has been said,—

"Poetry was written before Time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings."

NIXON WATERMAN

The Poet and Author harks back to Gray's "Elegy" as a Poem to be Read and Reread

One of the popular poets of America, whose epigrammatic sayings and verse adorn a frame in many homes, is Nixon Waterman. While born in Iowa, Mr. Waterman has spent most of his busy literary life in Boston. A lover of Nature, he revels in a communion with flowers, trees, and shrubs, far afield from his home at Canton, Mass. After one of his pilgrimages I asked him as a reader of poems rather than as a poet, to name his favorite heart poem.

"With so many splendid poems, each in its own way setting forth the various phases of nature and of human experience, how can we esteem any one of them above all the others? To be known as the author of any one of a thousand of them ought to satisfy a writer's craving for fame. It may be that I am hopelessly Victorian and old-fashioned; it may be that I should be more loyal to our own Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Poe, Whitman, or a dozen others of our noble poets; yet, if I must state the one poem, of moderate length, that has meant the most to me, I will say it is Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.' And I would suggest that those who take exception to this choice should reread the poem with introspective meditation in the great breadth and depth of human experience so admirably and adequately expressed in those truly immortal lines."

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield,
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"PUSSYFOOT" (W. E.) JOHNSON

Pulls a New One as a Heart Throb from the Koran

Somehow I thought of the old Italian proverb, "Who goes softly, goes far," when I met "Pussyfoot" Johnson during a campaign, and we might suppose that this bit of wisdom influenced William Eugene Johnson, for that is the real name of the Anti-Saloon leader who went about his work in such a quiet, unassuming manner that everyone called him "Pussyfoot" Johnson.

Pussyfoot Johnson started out on a diverting campaign, carrying his banner to England—a country weary from war and uncertain of peace; he championed a cause that was not accepted in the tight little Isle with any great degree of whole-heartedness, and he met opposition. Ridiculed into eminence and from a most lamentable accident, by which a missile thrown cost him the sight of one eye, Mr. Johnson came very near attaining the effective stature of a martyr in the very land where Cramner was burned at the stake.

"I have no wish to interfere in British affairs," said Mr. Johnson, "but have come upon invitation to tell of what we are doing about liquor traffic in the United States." His sportsmanlike manner won sympathy from many, but when, in Paris, he launched the idea that nothing should be sold in the cafes but white ribbons, France was not ready to extend any vast amount of cordiality, or the suavity for which it is distinguished.

Pussyfoot Johnson is not the man to turn back with his hand on the plough, and his determination and convictions made him the author of no less than forty brochures on temperance questions, to say nothing of several books on which he carries the title of author. Although practically mobbed in Essex Hall, London, his tour extended across Europe to India and into Africa.

Naturally, a man who has carried so long the burning desire to further a cause, must have carried also some bit of wisdom, some quotation or even creed that influenced his thoughts and acts. When I asked Pussyfoot Johnson to tell me what written line he cherished almost as a talisman, he replied, "I will give you a quotation from the Koran: 'He who relies upon God takes hold of a rope that never breaks.'"

This sounds like a sum total of creeds, and it was a surprise to learn how the heart of a Christian temperance crusader had been reached by a Moslem author. And yet we might expect something unusual from a boy born at Coventry, N. Y., in 1862 during an eclipse of the moon.

"Cap" Benton's Son

The story of a fire-fighter's son who fought against his yellow streak and proved himself a true "chip off the old block"

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

HE had just leaned back with a hearty laugh, that never offended, at my discomfiture at the sight of the handful of trumps he displayed, when the big gongs rang through the station. "Another smudge," he said, and we jumped to our work.

A "smudge," Benton had said, but as we piled onto the ladder truck and went rumbling out onto the paves, I caught the glow of light way over in the western side of the city.

"No smudge there. It's one of those big double-decker tenements, Fritz. You're in for your first baptism," I yelled to him.

He nodded, and just then we shot by a street light that lit up his face, and I was surprised to see that it was pale. I wondered a bit, for he came of the bravest stock in any station in the city. His father was old "Cap" Benton, in charge of our station, and a born fire-fighter. The city tried to retire him and the old fellow's heart nearly broke; he proved his value not a week later in the big slaughter-house fire—he put them wise to a stunt that saved lives and thousands of dollars, and they decided they had better leave him on the job.

I watched Fritz closely as I could, for I liked the chap; he was a sunny, happy-hearted fellow, and I wanted him to make good.

When we slowed to a stop, one glance at the burning tenement told me that there was going to be quick work done if the howling forms in the upper windows were to be saved. The fire had started evidently in a Chinaman's laundry and gone up the stairs, where there's always a draft if there's one anywhere. The families packed in like sardines were caught in the last story and on the roof. As far as I could see the street was packed with people; the crimson light beat down on staring eyes, open mouths and horrified faces as far as the light of the fire beat back the night.

My truck was emptied of ladders in record time; then the work commenced. Down the ladders they shot them—yelling children, frightened, fainting women and dazed men. Away up I could spot old "Cap" Benton keeping things moving right.

Finally everyone seemed to be down. I saw Benton come to the window with a child in his arms, and act as if he were waiting for someone. A yell of warning went up to him from the men below—the whole building swayed! I saw somebody dive past him and go down the ladder.

The old leader turned, went straight back into the flames, reappeared with another load. A figure took it from him, and they came down just in time to see the old shack cave in and go up in sparks and flames that seemed to hit the stars.

A gasping sound reached me, and I looked down from where I was standing guard over the truck to see Fritz, helmet off, breathing hard, leaning against the wheel.

"What's the matter, old chap, swallowed fire?" I shouted to him.

When he lifted his face I nearly went over. A puff of air would have spilled



The old man ordered Fritz to take her

me. On that fellow's face was nothing more than mortal terror. Fear—the horrible fear and dread of death that draws a man's face out of line, twists it and distorts it.

I would have spoken to him, but the men were bringing the ladders, and I soon had my hands full.

When I went up stairs into the bunking room, I got the news. Shafner, one of the best men in the station, was speaking as I entered. "It was a nasty fire—a bad one to handle; the Chief gave the good word to 'Cap.' But I guess the old man's heart is broken. He looked all in and about twenty years older as he stood there hearing the Chief say the nice things. He didn't seem to be hearing."

"What's wrong?" I broke in.

Shafner's sober face turned to mine. "Well, it's this: Fritz went up with us when 'Cap' ordered him to; he did fair—fair—until the yellow stuff came spitting in through the door of the room where we were. I went down with a girl; the 'Cap' took a kid, and there was one young girl who had keeled over. The old man ordered Fritz to take her; he went back but the draft threw the door open and he looked into the raging hell there was

down the stairs; then he turned, dropped the girl and beat it down the ladder. 'Cap' went back, got her, and I took her. That's all. And enough. There's going to be things doing here tomorrow."

I knew in a minute the point of the whole thing—the "Cap's" son was a coward; and I knew more—that if anything would take the heart out of the old man, it was such a thing as that—the knowledge that his boy was yellow.

The next day I was in the Captain's room, helping him make out his report—I can keep pretty good tab on things since I stay by the truck and so pick up things the old fellow misses. The door opened and in Fritz came. He was white and weary looking as a man could look.

"You sent for me, father?" he said.

I could see the old fellow stiffen. He reached for some papers and a chill went over me as I saw what they were. He turned, and I got up to go out. "Stay here," he said to me.

I stayed, and I hope to be spared ever hearing again such words spoken by one living man to another. The old fighter's voice never shook as he lashed the cringing lad by the door with words that must have left livid marks on his soul and scars that never wear away. He finished with, "You are a d—coward, sir, and I hope from this day forward I never set eyes upon you. Here are your papers—discharged—dishonorably!"

I expected to see the young fellow make a scene, but he gulped a few times, swallowed hard, and took the papers because there didn't seem much else to do, then went out, and the shoulders that had been square were rounded like a weakling's.

I bent to my work, but when the old fellow made two or three mistakes and his pen twitched around, I got up an excuse to get out. He was scratching away until I closed the door, then I heard the pen stop, a kind of sliding sound, and I guessed where he was spread out on the desk—fighting a different fight than he had ever fought before.

I thought it might finish the old fellow, but he was made of the pure stuff, and as far as we could see, he was just the same. I stumbled in on him once or twice when I thought the mask was off, but I wasn't sure.

The days went by, and things settled into the same old rut. Some of the bunch shifted as the hot weather came. We never mentioned to the old man anything that had to do with Fritz. I heard that he tried to get in one of the stations, but

they had him and his record filed down cold.

Then came the night when "Cap" got his. It was sweltering weather anyway; we had dripped all day, and whatever possessed the devil to warm things up a bit more was beyond human guessing. About one o'clock the big gongs whanged away over our heads, and a few minutes later we were beating it down the quiet, dusky street, taking the corners with a skid that made the street seem altogether too narrow for comfort.

Shafner yelled up to me from the running-board: "Emergency call—they've got every engine in the city out! Hotel Blardon!"

We swept up the grade just then and I saw the blaze. I hadn't been long on the job, but I knew when flame was white it meant solid stuff burning.

When we banged and slammed up to our position, I took one glance at the burning hell in front of me, and that was enough. I recalled that the hotel was a marble shell and steel, but furnished with costly woods, oiled and stained—just the stuff to make a red-hot fire.

The fire-escape on one side had been seared off clean by the falling of one of the towers; the others had been put to a good use; but the windows on the side where the stairs had fallen were full of frantic figures. There was where the battle centered.

I didn't have time to pay much attention, but I could hear the yelling and the faint screeches of the women. When Shafner came up for a new helmet, I asked him how things were going.

"Fine as—" he started to answer; then a roar went up—a human roar that drowned his voice as if he had been choked. I heard the snap and fire of orders and looked up.

They were clearing the lower story, but way up in the big window, black against the flame behind them, appeared a woman with a child in her arms. Some way or other she had been boxed in when the others had fled down; probably fainted and come to consciousness to find herself—where she did.

I saw the big telescope ladder go up like a black streak and—fall short at the top of the window of the lower story. I saw a figure go up, fast, stop baffled, while the woman leaned out. If a man could get into the room with her, he could let her down to another. I could see the chap was urging her to drop; it was a desperate chance to try and catch a full-grown woman on a spiral point of a ladder. He may have had the courage, but she didn't. If the man had had strength enough he might have been able to lift himself up by stepping out onto the top of the window which had some sort of a marble thing jutting up and lift himself up. I saw him try and fail.

I was staring away when someone yanked my coat. I turned and look down into the face of Fritz Benton.

"Give me a dip and a coat. Sid—for God's sake, don't wait! I can do it!"

I knew what he meant; he was muscled like an acrobat.

I threw the stuff to him and he shot off into the crowd.

The next thing I saw was a figure going up that ladder in record time. I knew he had faked he was carrying orders to the chap at the top.

He went up, drew the man back and went over him. Then he reached up. He was a six-footer and over; but I never



"What's the matter, old chap, swallowed fire?" I shouted to him.

believed he could grip that upper window sill. But he did. There he stood poised on a bit of marble just big enough to give room for one foot; and the stunt ahead of him was to draw himself up a bare marble wall with only the strength of his fingers. One slip and he would never have twitched even once on the pavement below.

Half the city was watching him. I heard a dull shout go up, and I knew some one of them had spotted him as a fake, but he didn't stop for that shout.

Up, up he went; his knees drew close and he seemed to hesitate. The woman and child were no longer in sight—fainted and fallen back, and that room

through the window was yellow with fire. I wondered if the old fear had come again, that he would draw back and weaken. Then he went over suddenly and disappeared.

Had he gone under? Before the thought was framed he appeared with a blazing thing in his arms. He reached over the sill and handed it down to the man below. It went down fast and the flames went out before it reached the bottom. He appeared again with the child and that went down.

The flames seemed to close around him and burst out of the window.

In the silence I heard Shafner's guttural, "He's breathing fire with every breath!"

I wondered if he was going to die up there; then I saw him let himself over the sill in a strange, groping way. He slid suddenly, and I saw the man who grasped him waver and sway; for a moment they wrestled with death up there. But I guessed it was Blomstein, the crack ladder-worker of the uptown station, a man who had played tag with death for ten years and never been "it."

Down they came and I saw the men split where they hustled Fritz to the ambulance.

As I watched, I thought, and I could not seem to get things clear, but it was Fritz or I had been dreaming the biggest dream of my life; I had looked too many times into his face to be mistaken. When "Cap" came up to tell us the Chief had ordered us back, I blurted the fact at him like a schoolboy.

"Cap"—that chap was Fritz!"

He looked at me, and his face under that glow was a sight. I knew what I had done; run sandpaper over a still raw wound.

"Shut up! You're dippy!" Shafner growled from the front.

But I had put one foot in; I thought I'd put two. "Dippy nothing! I know that chap is Fritz! He came up here and I gave him stuff! I'll roast in hell for ten thousand years and be glad to if I'm wrong."

I knew I had slipped my rails, but what I put into it seemed to land hard on the old fighter; and I saw him hurry off in the direction of the place where the head ambulances stood.

When he came back he said nothing, and I was left to wonder what was what and which was which all the rest of that weary, hot dismal ride back.

We were once more up in the rooms. The dawn was beginning to brighten over the city into that sickish sort of light just before the sunshine comes. I was still wondering if my nerves were going back on me because of the heat.

The telephone rang and "Cap" went in his room to answer it. I sat still, waiting. When he came out he was smiling—and we had thought he had forgotten how!

A cab humming up carried him away a moment later.

Shafner looked over at me from his position near the window where he must have heard Benton give directions to the

Continued on page 193

A Daughter of the Stars

One of the most thrilling stories ever written by the world-famous novelist, who has few equals in the art of drawing life-like word-pictures

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

BEHOLD!" cried Sabul Ahmid, with an upward sweep of his bare, brown arm; "behold the Sacred Temple of the people of Astrea!"

I stood up in the boat, my portfolio under my arm. High on the mountain side crowning a thick mass of laurel undergrowth, and flanked by a grove of deep, cool byana trees, was the building to which my servant was pointing. The material whereof it was fashioned I could not at that distance determine. Only in the broad tropical sunlight it flashed forth, a glorious and spotless white, as flawless and perfect as the purest marble or alabaster. Little minarets rose from the flat roof and flowering shrubs planted along the mountain terrance above drooped about it, a brilliant scintilla of purple coloring. My fingers began to crave for my pencil. I turned to my guide with beaming face.

"You did well, Ahmid," I cried, "to bring me here. This will mean rupees for both of us, for you and for me. I must get a sketch of that temple at once."

Sabul Ahmid flashed a sorrowful glance at me from his dark, melancholy eyes. Even the mention of rupees had not brought a smile to that impenetrable face.

"My Lord," he said, "I hope that I have done well. Truly, I hope that I have done well."

As we drew near the shore the natives came running down from the village and lined the beach; some of them standing knee deep in the surf and greeting us with hoarse shouts, waving their hands and pointing to the spot where we might best effect a landing.

"They take us for traders," Ahmid explained; "yet we shall be welcome. They are a kindly people."

He stood up in the stern and shouted to them in their own language. A fire of words flashed backward and forward and a dozen willing hands caught the boat's prow and guided it into the smooth water. As we stepped out on to the dry white sand Ahmid was at once surrounded, and, obeying his gestures, the sailors produced the baskets of rubbishy presents which we had brought with us from the markets of Colombo. While the rifling was going on he came over to my side.

"I have told them that you wish to stay amongst them for a day, and that you will give them more presents," he said. "They seem quite willing, and there is an empty hut which we can have. The village is yonder behind the trees."

Ahmid led the way, and surrounded by a curious, chattering group, we commenced to climb the beach. Behind came two of the sailors, carrying hampers full of provisions, and a few more presents which we were keeping in reserve. Five minutes' rough walking across the shingle, and through a

grove of byana trees, and we were at the village. With divers shouts and gesticulations we were conducted to a brown wattled hut, with mud-caked sides, and a low opening through which it seemed almost impossible for a full-grown man to crawl. Ahmid turned to us.

"This is where the traders who come here from Rangoon for rubies are permitted to

stay," he announced. "We are allowed to have it on condition that we give them more presents. There is good water here, and they will bring us game."

I stooped down to peer inside, but drew back again quickly. The interior was not savory. I looked around doubtfully at the little semicircle of similar huts, of which the village was composed, and at the curious



On the mountain's side was the building to which my servant was pointing

group of copper-colored natives who thronged around us, black-eyed and rabid with curiosity. Should I not be wiser to make a few sketches and return with the boat? Then an upward glance at that far-famed temple, its soft, white front, gorgeous now in the full sunlight, and its minarets like alabaster peaks cleaving the deep blue sky, re-awakened all my former enthusiasm. The thirst of the explorer was upon me. I must know something more of this people and of their strange religion. I had in my pocket a letter, received with our last budget of mail, from the chief of the illustrated weekly paper from whom I held a roving commission to send them home foreign notes and sketches. "All that you have sent is good," it said, "and will be used, but remember that what we shall value most (if you can come across it), is something absolutely new." Here, then, was my chance. Here, at any rate, I should be breaking fresh ground. No traveler, to my knowledge, had ever sent home an authentic sketch of the famous Temple of Astrea. A woman, slim and graceful, came gliding through the undergrowth like a dark shadow, with a brown jug of water upon her delicately-poised head. There were copper bracelets upon her long, sinewy arms, and her hair was as black as the plumage of a raven. It was a perfect Leighton study, and it turned the quivering balance in my mind. I unslung my rifle and lit a cigar.

"I will have my hammock slung under those trees behind the hut," I said to Ahmid, pointing to a little clump of byananas in the background. "You can stow the things away in the hut and sleep there yourself, if you like."

The two sailors quickly fixed up the hammock, which I had brought with me from the yacht. Ahmid moved about like a dusky brown shadow, unpacking the various parcels, and commencing to make the necessary preparations for my evening meal. By and by, when we had made it quite clear that, for the present, at any rate, there were no more presents to be distributed, we were left almost to ourselves. Many of the natives, however, still lingered about the doors of their huts, talking to themselves and pointing to me. From what Ahmid could gather of their remarks he seemed satisfied. They were pleased with their presents and inclined to be friendly. He gathered further that the High Priest, who seemed to be their supreme temporal head, as well as the Priest of their strange religion, had been acquainted with my arrival, and had expressed himself favorably concerning it. Altogether, I began to feel that my adventure was likely to be a success and that, after all, I had reason to be rather grateful than otherwise for that breakdown in the machinery which was really responsible for our lying-to.

"You can tell Sir Maurice that if he is ready to start before I am back, I will come directly he sends a boat," I told Dick Hardy, our boatswain, when the men had finished their work. "Perhaps he will come on shore himself tomorrow. The natives seem quite friendly."

The man touched his hat and looked around dubiously.

"Maybe, sir," he remarked. "They're a queer-looking lot, though, to my mind. Can't say as I should fancy them myself."

"They are quite harmless," I assured him

with a little laugh. "Ahmid was born here, you know, and understands them perfectly. You might remind Sir Maurice of that. Good night."

"Good night, sir! I'll give Sir Maurice your message."

The men withdrew and presently from some rising ground where I had strolled to get a better view of the Temple, I could see the trim little ship's boat making rapid way back to my brother's yacht, which was lying in smooth water, about half a mile out. I took my camp stool with me, and found a cool, sheltered spot amongst the deep green shadows, and whilst Ahmid mixed me a cool drink, I commenced to sketch a little family group opposite; a crawling brown baby, with eyes as black as ink, and a girl who held it tightly by the ankle to prevent it rolling away, whilst she stared at me and my belongings with a curious persistent stolidity. And, whilst I sketched, the sun sank down, a fluttering breeze came stealing from seawards, and a sudden darkness stole down like a soft

thick veil upon the earth. I put my portfolio up and found Ahmid standing before me. With his usual profound bow he announced the readiness of my evening meal.

I ate rice and stewed beef and drank hock and seltzer with a little crowd of onlookers gathered around, and only restrained from thrusting themselves bodily upon me by Ahmid's constant threats. "There were to be no presents for those who interfered with the privacy of the White Sahib." That was Ahmid's ultimatum, and that it was which restrained the little horde of men and women who, from a respectful distance, seemed to follow my slightest movement with boundless interest. I glanced at them almost with regret, as I lit my evening cigar, and brought out my portfolio. Alas! there was so much there that mocked reproduction—at any rate from my hands. I had nothing but pencils with me, and how could black and white in any way represent those long sinewy limbs as brown as coffee berries, that subtle coloring of eyes and dusky cheeks; that wonderful



Her hair was streaming down her back, and her eyes were lit with fear

grace of the unrestrained, which made these half-savage men and women resemble—in physical respects—the children of a God. I sat and watched them, half dozing. The lights of innumerable fireflies were burning in the long grass, and humming insects flew around my head, the whirring or whose wings upon the breathless air reminded me curiously of the many flies darting in and out from the tall hedges of a Devonshire lane. Ahmid, barefooted and graceful, moved about like a figure in a dream—it was surely a little Lotos land this, to which the mere chance of a fractured engine shaft, and a half-empty portfolio had brought me. Something of the spirit of the Lotos Eaters seemed to be gliding into my veins, to be lulling me into premature sleep. And then, like a thunderbolt from the blue came a curious change in the deep, quiet peace which had been brooding over the place.

The wailing of a woman's voice seemed to start the chorus. It was a deep, full cry of alarm, and at its first thrilling note I sat bolt upright in my hammock. I looked out upon a most curious sight. Men and women alike were gazing with upturned, sorrowful faces at the sky. There was a strange, discordant chorus of lamentations. The women rent their hair, the men commenced to run about in confusion. Something unforeseen and calamitous had evidently occurred. I called to Ahmid, and found him standing by my side, tall and grave, with a shadow deeper than ordinary upon his face.

"What is it, Ahmid?" I asked eagerly. "What has gone wrong with these people?"

He raised his long, sinewy arm and pointed to the sky. I gazed upward. The clear violet sky had become obscured by little dappled masses of gray clouds which had come up swiftly from the sea. The stars were almost invisible. Only a few remained to be seen, dim and misty.

"It is the Holy Week here," Ahmid said. "My lord knows the strange religion of these people. They are Star worshippers. This is the week from which they draw augury for the prosperity of the coming year. Every night must be clear and the stars must shine, else disaster waits upon them. Three clear nights they have had, and tonight was full of promise. But—my lord sees—!"

The gravity of Ahmid's tone had no effect upon me. I looked out with intense interest upon the growing excitement. The sound of wailing increased, men fell down and beat their heads upon the ground. Some of the women were playing strange music in a deep, minor key upon rude instruments. I reached for my portfolio and sketched, silently and swiftly. It was the strangest scene I had ever looked upon.

"What will they do, Ahmid?" I whispered. He looked upward toward the Hill of Rubies, whereon stood the Temple of Astrea, the home of the High Priest, and the worshiping place of this strange people.

"The High Priest will come," he answered. "There will be a maiden taken away to the Temple and sacrificed."

"What! Killed!" I cried, my pencil suddenly stopping. Ahmid shook his head. His face was impenetrable.

"Who can tell?" he said. "There are many maidens taken there, but none ever return. It is a mystery, and my lord," he

continued, "my lord will remember his promise."

I nodded slowly. Before Sabul Ahmid had consented to be my guide, he had extracted a promise from me, which at the time it had seemed easy enough to give. He had made me give my word that I would not make any attempt to penetrate into the Temple of Astrea, or interfere in any way with the religious observances of these people. "They were a quiet, peace-loving race," he told me, "mild-mannered and peaceably disposed toward strangers. But as regards their curious faith, they were fanatics. Less," Ahmid explained, "was this to be attributed to anything particularly religious in their nature than to the extraordinary influence gained over them by one man—their High Priest." Ahmid, too, seemed still to share some part of that peculiar fear. When I would have asked questions concerning him, he avoided the subject. Only that promise he had gravely and with the utmost respect insisted upon. And I had given it.

By degrees the sounds of lamentation which had filled the air grew less and less. The men had mostly risen to their feet, and were standing about in moody, but expectant, silence, with their faces turned to the Hill of Rubies, which towered above us. The moaning of the women and the clanging of strange instruments still continued. For my part, I was getting more and more interested. Ahmid, on the contrary, was evidently nervous and uneasy. Once he left my side and climbed on to the top of a little knoll, whence through an opening in the trees he could see the "Cormorant" lying at anchor. He stood there for several moments, apparently measuring the distance between the ship and the shore. I called to him softly through the darkness.

"Ahmid, come here!"

He glided back to my side at once.

"What is the matter, Ahmid?" I asked. "You look as though you feared trouble. How are we concerned in it?"

"My lord," he murmured, "perhaps there is nothing to fear. Yet I would that I had brought you here at any other time than during their Holy Week! If the sky was clear and the stars were shining upon them, these people would be as meek as lambs and as harmless. But when the clouds come and the High Priest walks, they are a savage and bloodthirsty people. And withal in his hands they are as plasterers' moulds. My lord, if he comes and speaks to you, be careful that you do not cross him. If he commands you to go, do not hesitate. If he would trade with you for rubies, do not refuse. You will get the worth of your gold, and it may be that you will save our lives. Listen!"

There was a sudden awesome silence. With one accord the copper instruments from which the deft fingers of those dusky women had evoked such strange chords were still! Men and women crept without a single word through the low openings into their huts. In less than a minute the little space where they had been gathered together was empty. There was no longer any murmuring of human tongues. In that curious deep silence the slight night sounds of nature seemed to gain a new significance. A faint rustling breeze stirred in the thick leaves of the acacia trees, the whir of winged insects shook the still air, from afar off came the long rolling

of the waves against the surf-driven beach. Ahmid stood by my side, hidden in the shadows of a great tree, his deep brown eyes fixed upon the broad path which slanted down from the Temple on the hill. Following his gaze I caught my breath with a sudden thrill of excitement.

A tall—marvelously tall—figure clad from head to foot in some sort of a white garb, was coming slowly down between the thick bands of flowering laurel shrubs.

He disappeared from our sight about half way down the hillside and Ahmid dragged me back with him into the shadow of the overhanging trees. He checked the questions which I commenced to ask by a hand which he—the most respectful and servile of men—did not hesitate to lay firmly upon my lips.

"Be silent," he whispered, "do not breathe a word. It may be that it is for our lives."

CHAPTER II

THEN I knew that this was indeed an adventure upon which I had stumbled, and with the consciousness of danger came that insidious thrill of pleasure which waits only upon those who have undertaken strange wanderings and met with perilous happenings. I was content to obey Ahmid's counsel and to wait. Following his steadfast gaze I saw in a few minutes that tall white figure reappear upon the hillside beyond the angle of the laurel bushes, and descend toward us with swift but easy strides. Soon he was within a dozen yards of us, and this clearer view which we now had of him only confirmed my previous interest. Such a man was this as one sees but seldom in a lifetime. He was over six feet high, and his walk and carriage were more than dignified; they were regal. His complexion, to my surprise, was only slightly dusky; in that half light indeed I should have declared that it differed very little in coloring from my own. His features were fine, and the poise of his head majestic. His hair was long and he wore a magnificent long black beard. His white robe was spotless, and it was fastened in the middle with a belt all ablaze with rubies.

He passed us by and stood quite still in the center of the open space. Ahmid and I held our breaths. For several moments he remained without any movement. Then, slowly turning round, he faced one of the huts a little apart from the others, and furtherest from mine. Lifting up both hands, he commenced to chant in a rich, deep tone. I was wild with curiosity to know the meaning of those long musical syllables and Ahmid's hasty translation I have never forgotten. Something like this was the song he sang:

O daughter of a strange people,
Whose coming has been like the coming of the summer moon;
At whose soft breath the perfumes of all sweet flowers creep out into the air,
And the white night blossoms open their petals like stars of earth;
There is a voice from the hills which calls to thee,
A voice like the rushing of a summer wind in the cicala trees,
A murmur like the trembling of the ocean beneath the midnight moon.
It bids you come and take your chosen place amongst the daughters of the stars,
Amongst those to whom the breath of life is like the perfume of musk in a garden of roses,

Amongst those whose pleasures are everlasting, and in whose hearts are kindled the fire of the one great joy;
It bids you come,
It bids you come,
It bids you come.

The language was the language of the natives, distinct with a curious languorous sweetness: the voice itself was deep and wonderfully melodious. As the last lingering syllables of that thrice repeated invocation died away upon the still air, his arms fell! We could almost hear the long in-drawn breathing of the natives crouching unseen within their huts. With slow, stately movements the High Priest walked to the door of the hut which he had been facing. He stretched out a white hand from amongst the folds of his flowing robe and seemed to write something upon the hard brown mud above the opening. Then he turned round, and, without a moment's hesitation, looking neither to the right nor to the left, he walked swiftly away, and took the hillside path to the Temple. What he held in his hand I do not know, nor could Ahmid tell me. But there, before us, gleaming like fire in the semi-darkness, was a small bright star, luminous and golden, a little spot of burning light, eating its way into the hard surface. I should have hastened forward to look at it, but Ahmid held me back almost roughly, with a grip of iron.

"My lord must not let himself be seen," he muttered. "The people will be mad with excitement presently. This was an evil time for us to come here!"

Then he looked again toward the sea, and I knew that he was wishing that we were safe on board the "Cormorant." But I, ignorant of any real danger, and knowing nothing of the significance of what had happened, was only eager to see what the next movement might be in this strange performance. Very soon I was to be enlightened.

The silence was continued until the Priest's tall figure became like a speck upon the hillside, and finally vanished. Then, as though at a given signal, there commenced a veritable pandemonium. The little open space was suddenly filled with men leaping up at one another like mad things, brandishing knives and curiously-shaped spears, shouting and crying out one to the other. Around them were gathered the women, their long, black hair streaming down their naked backs, beating on copper instruments, waving their hands above their heads with slow rhythmical precision, and every now and then with their faces turned upward echoing that same deep minor chord. The graceful deliberation of their movements and the calm but stolid indifference of the men toward us seemed to have entirely vanished. In its place was something very different. Every now and then one of them, spear in hand, would run up to us and grin in our faces, gesticulate wildly for a moment, and then step backward into the thick of the group. As for me, I should have continued to have enjoyed the spectacle, notwithstanding their altered attitude, but for Ahmid's deep and growing anxiety. When I questioned him about it, he only shook his head. "There was nothing definite," he murmured. Only every now and then I could not help seeing that unfriendly glances were darted toward us—a dagger was pointed, a hand thrown up-

ward to the cloud-strewn sky. In some way we were beginning to be held responsible for this night of lamentations. Personally, I did not share the full measure of Ahmid's uneasiness. The possession of youth and a Colt's revolver gave me a certain tangible sense of security. Besides, I was deeply interested. I had made some very successful sketches and collected some valuable information.

Suddenly the tumult ended. The second act in the little drama (which was going on before our eyes) commenced. One by one the natives ranged themselves in a semicircle around the hut before which the High Priest had recited his strange chat. They drew themselves along upon their haunches until the gaps were all filled up and the circle was complete. The women remained standing behind them. Then there was an absolute and unbroken silence. The men sat as motionless as statues. The women, every now and then without any apparent signal, but in perfect unison, stretched their long brown arms upward toward the still cloud-dappled heavens. The jangling of their bracelets as their hands rose and fell in that slow graceful wave was the only sound for several moments which broke the deep stillness. And then came the awakening; and there happened a thing so strange that at first my senses refused almost to credit it. A sound cleaved the heavy night air and echoed back from the hillside at which my blood ran cold and my heart gave a great throbbing leap. It was the cry of a girl in mortal fear—but the tongue! What did it mean? Had I fallen asleep? Was it a nightmare born of these strange surroundings? No! It was truth. My muscles grew rigid! I stood on tiptoe ready to spring forward. Ahmid, too, was sharing my amazement. His black eyes were sparkling, and the hand which clasped my left wrist in a desperate effort at restraint, shook. I muttered something to him. He shook his head.

"Be silent!" he hissed. "If you speak one word, if you raise your hand, it is death!"

So we waited. Then again there came that piteous cry, and this time there could be no possibility of any mistake. The shock and the surprise of the thing took my breath away and held me nerveless. From out of the hut, pushed by a native woman who followed close behind, came a girl dressed in a plain gown of European make. Her hair was streaming down her back, and her eyes were lit with a horrible fear. But the thing which held Ahmid and me speechless was that her face was whiter even than my own, and her hair was as ruddy as fine gold.

At the sight of the men sitting there waiting grim, stolid, expectant, she turned back to the woman who had pushed her out, and once more the air was full of her musical wailings. The woman's tears mingled with hers. She was on the girl's side, but she was powerless. Slowly the men rose up, one by one, and pointed toward the hills. Two of the women came forward and held each a hand. The girl, recoiling from them, flung herself upon the ground, and to my horror, I heard my own tongue.

"I will not go! I will die first! You can kill me here, but I will not go!"

Then I knew that this thing which seemed so strange was indeed true. The girl was of my own race, and the task of rescuing her

was mine. I broke from Ahmid's grip, heedless of his passionate torrent of eager remonstrance, and with my revolver in my hand, I rushed across the little open space. My feet fell noiselessly upon the soft turf, and no one noticed my coming. When I got there one of the men had passed his arm around her waist and had half dragged her up. I struck him with my left hand and he rolled over like a log. Then I stood up by the side of the girl and faced the astonished natives.

My coming had been so wholly unexpected and the idea of interference from anyone so far from their thoughts, that they seemed for a moment paralyzed—bereft alike of words and any power of movement. The men sat still huddled up upon the turf; the women gazed at me as one would gaze at a figure risen from the earth before one's feet. Then they, first to recover themselves, filled the air with their shrill shrieks. The men rose slowly up, and joined a circle around us. I turned to Ahmid.

"Tell them!" I cried, "that the girl is English, that she is of my own race, and they must not dare to touch her. If she or I meet with harm here, we shall be avenged. Our soldiers will burn their huts and raze their Temple to the ground. Tell them this quickly, Ahmid."

He told them this and how much more I cannot say, waving his brown arms to give emphasis to his words, with many gestures, too, pointing to the sea and to the land, and to the Temple on the hill. And the men listened in grim silence. Only they kept all the while narrowing the distance between us, pinning us in closer and closer, until escape, even had we thought of it, became impossible. They formed a complete circle around us. When Ahmid ceased at last there was a full minute's breathless silence. Then one of the men rose slowly up and stepping into the little open space between us, spoke, pointing to me, to the sea, and to the Temple. When he had finished Ahmid slowly translated his words.

"He says that it is not true that she is of your race. You are English and she is American. She was left here by her father in charge of the people of this island, and she has become one of them. They say that the High Priest has chosen her, and if you interfere it will mean death to both of us."

Meanwhile the girl had been making desperate efforts to gain my side, but without success. The women who were holding her were strong, and their brown arms were wound around her slim body. But the look upon her face was enough for me. I thrust the men aside and stood over her, heedless of their naked and threatening blades.

"She is of my race and I shall protect her against your foul practices," I cried savagely. "Stand aside! I am going to take her to my hut."

I stooped down to lift her up, but there was the flash of blue steel before my eyes, and with a rapid spring on one side, I only just escaped the thrust which was aimed at my head.

The flash and report of my revolver startled them for a moment, the man who had struck at me leaped into the air and fell over, shot through the heart. It was useless. They were two hundred to one, for Ahmid was unarmed. Before I could pull the trigger again someone from behind me had wound a pair

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

As Good As New

Why make new resolutions when New Year is here
Since we still have on hand, we'll admit,
The beautiful ones that we fashioned last year
And by use have worn scarcely a bit.

The Psychological Moment

Rich Mr. Tightwad you could do
Great things, you must allow,
If you would heed the cry of need
And loosen up just now.

The Divided Enemy

Why fear the various shades of "REDS"
Will wreck our land, my brother,
While communists, socialists and anarchists
Are fighting one another?

The Case This Year

When Winter lingers in the lap of Spring
We're quick to say he is a mean old thing;
But when fair Autumn lingers in his lap
We think that he's a very nice old chap.

A Good Second

This Earth makes a revolution
Every day, or so they tell,
But the tribes of South America,
They do almost as well.

Volstead Modified

Just a few drops of water,
So some fellows think,
In a full glass of whiskey
Makes a pretty good drink.

Do You Know Any Such?

In praising folks, some sorry souls
Are very slow to venture,
And yet they are likely to overspeed
When they get a chance to censure.

Practical Religion

In this old, careworn world where each
Finds much to make poor mortals sad,
The best religion one can preach
Is that which makes somebody glad.

The Winning Bait

The men who land the biggest fish
Their hope-constructed creels to fill,
Don't use for bait a weak "I wish"
But plume their hooks with an "I will!"

Kindness By Proxy

He who says we are heartless,—he talks through his hat,
And allows the plain facts to deceive him;
A seldom sees B in deep trouble but that
He finds time to ask C to relieve him.

Another Kind of "Drouth"

The thirsty ones should be informed
That these many millions that our Nation
Will spend to end the "drouth" has naught
To do with the Volstead situation.

Delaying Good Times

Yes, times may be bad, we shall have to admit,
But we may make still sadder a showing
If it is our intent to spend never a cent
Till some one else starts things a-going.

Shared Happiness

Our glad Christmas joyousness had to be shared
To make it seem real and lasting.
That feast was a bore if one knew that next door
Somebody with hunger was fasting.

Now's The Time

No man can win till he learns how
To set about it HERE and NOW!
For all must learn, and to their sorrow,
They ne'er can do a thing tomorrow.

Have You Noticed it?

A man of dreams and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
A man of words and not of thoughts
Is like a great long row of naughts.

Will They Ever Get Fleeced?

No doubt Mr. Ford such keen logic employs
There'll be nobody able to fool
Or pull the wool over the eyes of the boys
Who shall go through his Mary Lamb school.

The Revised Version

That "Stein Song" of Fred Bullard's,—there's no other
half so clever—
"With a stein on the table and the old flag waving
high."
And though Volstead may be listening in, we'll still sing
on forever,
"With a Steinway piano and the old flag high and
dry."

How Do You Do It?

Here's a rule by which, I find,
Most men measure all mankind:
"He who loves me is a trump,
He who doesn't is a chump."

Bitter-Sweet

All the sweet love that the heart ere knows
Is blent in the fragrance of the rose:
All the keen stings it has ever borne
Are felt in the thrust of the cruel thorn.

The Florida of the Present

Visitors to the Flower State are to-day discovering that it holds the same unique attractions that were glowingly pictured in the most hopeful of boom times. Well on the road to a normal recovery, Florida is in the van of the procession towards prosperity

INVITED to be the toastmaster at the banquet tendered to Opie Read, the famous author and humorist, in the early winter at Howey-in-the-Hills, Florida, I had the privilege of renewing my acquaintance with the Floridian people and atmosphere, and my enthusiasm for the state revived and waxed as warm as in the good old "boom" days.

The country has heard much of the Florida of the past and perhaps still more of the Florida of the future. But now I am going to write of the Florida of the present. It will bring a reminiscent glow to the hearts of many of the hopeful who invested with unflinching faith in the Florida of the past and the future. At the outset let me say this, that through the ups and downs of the past, Florida remains to me the beloved state. The memories endure like fairyland dreams and, despite all that has happened since, the thrill of those Floridian days comes back without a pang of regret for what has happened in following the high hopes in that land. Every time winter's chilly winds and gloom spread like a mantle over the North, millions who have visited Florida renew their interest in that state. They sometimes wonder what has happened to all those dreams, those castles in the air, and the "greatest real estate boom of all time." While in some respects this boom met the fate of the Tulip Craze and the Mississippi Bubble, something solid and constructive remained in its wake that stimulated the building of beautiful homes over the country. Go where you will, you see the influence of beautiful Floridian architecture, evidence of which accumulates in every town, city, and village in America.

The millions who have invested and lost in Florida still seem to want to hear about Florida now. They philosophize: "Better to have invested and lost than not to have invested at all," maintaining that distinctive, fraternal feeling of having experienced the joys and pangs associated with Florida sand in one's shoes.

The last census has revealed that Florida is one of the fastest growing states in the Union.

What interests me most is the Florida of the present. The past has its happy fascinating memories which nothing can

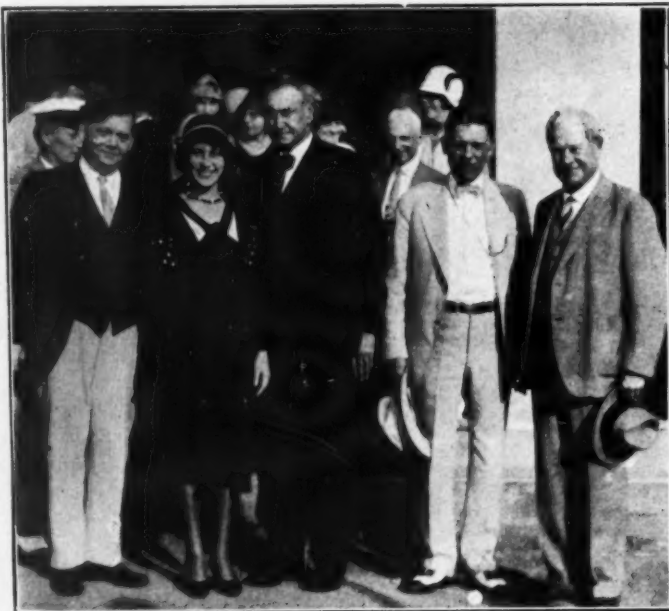
take away from us. Its future may be beyond description, but what interests the people of Florida is Florida n-o-w. The fact is conclusively established in the North that there is no place in the world like Florida in winter. The wild orgy of the stock market indicates that Wall Street and the North generally are having financial pains, and the symptoms are the same as those that prevailed in Florida upon the collapse of the real estate boom; but Florida had secured her millions of investment in roads

local needs, is finding an ever-widening market in the East because Florida is a name known in every town, village, and hamlet in the country, and is always associated with the best that can be produced, especially in citrus fruits. The fly in the ointment passed from Florida in the autumn and another trouble has been overcome.

Savings deposits in New England increased \$61,000,000 in August. To me this indicates winter visitors to Florida. People have retired their money from the hazards of the stock market and are awake to the fact that it is time they were having a good time and enjoying themselves in sunny Florida, where they can get the most out of life during the chilly winter months, and still not be far from their own hearthstones.

Florida's reputation as a meeting place of the eminents is being enhanced this year, because it is the one place where people go to find themselves and discover the friendly happy spirit. Two recently elected senators, Senator Davis of Pennsylvania and Senator Marcus Coolidge of Massachusetts, made the momentous decision of entering the senatorial race in the happy environment of Florida.

Since returning from Mexico, in connection with my radio work I made a tour from Coast to Coast and found a friendly and mellow attitude toward Florida, even in California, where they have realized at last that the same sun that ripens the fruit in golden California rises first in Florida. I believe that a large part of the billion of dollars spent annually in European travel by Americans will be diverted this year to Florida, because people are not prone to want to travel far away from the boundaries of the United States with revolutions and troublesome times prevailing all over the world. After visiting fifty-seven countries in my world travels, I have found that the only really satisfactory vacation period comes in visiting some portion of the United States; and pre-eminent as Uncle Sam's playground is fair Florida. Sometimes I pronounce the name of the state as "Flo-ree-da." That is because I have visited Spain so often, and the Spanish pronunciation seems so soft and beautiful for our State of many flowers. I heard it so



Five Florida-enthusiasts photographed immediately after the "home-welcoming" luncheon to Opie Read at Howey-in-the-Hills, Florida. Reading from right to left, they are: Dr. Lincoln Hulley, president of Stetson University; W. J. Howey; Opie Read; Miss Florence Smock, the national health champion, and Joe Mitchell Chapple

and buildings which would not have come in the ordinary course of development in fifty years; and best of all, Florida knows how to utilize its misfortunes and to continue to capitalize its greatest asset, climate.

Every time I visit Florida I turn backward time in its flight. November and December are glorious months because the groves are showered with golden fruit and growing crops of vegetables of every hue of green, making a picture that would inspire Corot; and these establish the Florida of now. It is producing on a magnificent scale, perhaps more than ever, a wealth of fruit and vegetables which will supply the

pronounced by the King and Queen of Spain when they told me that they had a home in Florida, and I thought of this when I read of the recent uprisings in Spain. The King called my attention to the fact that nine of our states have Spanish names, which suggests something of Spain's influence on America.

With its irregular east and west coast as the boundaries, Florida is making a practical survey of its three climatic divisions, each one of which represents a winter climate that is as near a natural monopoly as is provided on this mundane sphere. This does not require any further proof than is revealed by a single visit from the frozen North during the winter months. The Flower State presents a sunshine ultra-rich in ultra-violet rays, is mineral-charged, and boasts a solar marine climate, with soil rich in calcium and phosphorus. Nearly surrounded by salt-water surfs, it has a coastline larger than that of any state bordering on the Atlantic. Ocean-to-gulf and gulf-to-ocean breezes carry to every part of the state atomized sea-water air, charged with the thirty-four distinct chemical elements necessary to healthful plant, animal, and human life. Unlike Caesar's Gaul, Florida is divided into four parts: the northwestern, northeastern, southwestern, and southeastern. Three distinctive climatic areas are designated, all under the influence of the gulf stream, which originates near at hand and virtually envelops the coastline. First is the continental climate of the Southern States to the northwest; the second, the semi-tropical, extending from Jacksonville on to the Indian inlet in the west; south of this is the sub-tropical climate, with its trade winds and advantages of perpetual sunshine. These facts are not new, but are becoming so axiomatic that the world-at-large agrees that Florida has a winter climate unsurpassed; and this remains the fascinating and dominating feature of the Florida of the Present.

Swept along with the tide of people rushing Florida-ward I found the customary frigidity of our group thawing out as we proceeded southward. The sunlight seemed to make the "good morning" sound more cheery, while the fellow-travellers gradually warmed up following salutations of "Hello! Where're you from?" There was something of the comradeship that obtained in the Covered Wagon exodus and other frontier experiences. I had recently walked seven blocks on Fifth Avenue and sixteen on Beacon Street without seeing a smile on the face of a single individual. Consequently, these smiling faces were refreshing. The spirit of friendliness seemed to flourish under the genial sunshine, as if to keep pace with the magic growth of tropical vegetation. It was a real reunion for many persons, who would instantly designate the year when they first came to Florida in order to command the attention of an old-timer. Conversation flowed as easily as the grape juice squirts in your eye, without attending irritations. There was little regret expressed over financial losses and unfortunate experiences. They are pay-

ing their bonds and bravely meeting the situation of to-day instead of spending time in vain regrets. Altogether Florida to-day is a state of the present tense—tense in its enthusiasm of enjoying life with others and discovering them to be a pretty good sort of folks.

Visitors to Florida usually visit all

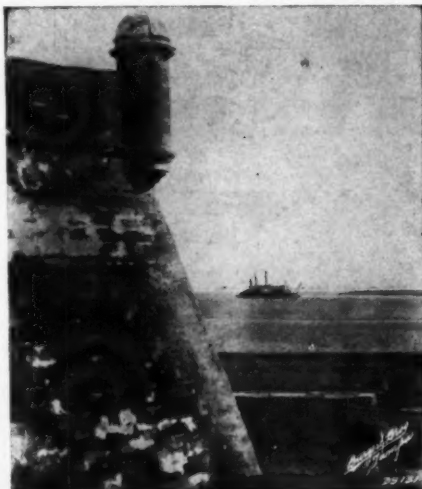
parts of the state during the winter. A tabloid tropical tour by land or by sea is provided from Key West to Jacksonville and thence to Pensacola, representing a right-angled triangle, where you can angle for fish and try any sort of summer climate in winter-time that may suit your fancy.

With Jacksonville as the gate-city, the Northerner there first discovers palm trees and green foliage, and the glow of yellow oranges on the trees, a city teeming with activities incident to trade and traffic. It has a sky-line of skyscrapers, factories and homes, bungalows and palatial houses, and bears the name of Andrew Jackson, the first American Governor of Florida.

Florida is many years ahead of most states in its highways. People virtually live in their automobiles. They generally use closed cars, for sunshine showers are the order of the day. It may be wet on one side of the road and dry on the other. Down the St. John River and towards Palatka the country is traversed. This was first largely settled by sturdy Northerners who had their troubles in the pioneer days in combatting, among other things, the yellow fever scourge. Florida everywhere shows evidence of vision and dreams that are associated with the historical expeditions of Ponce de Leon in seeking the Fountain of Eternal Youth.

Passing the famous Penney Gwynn Farms, developed out of cut-over timber lands, one sees the fulfillment of the early plans in proving the productivity and wealth of Florida soil. A beautiful memorial church has been built, around which clusters many ideal homes provided by Mr. J. C. Penney for retired ministers. Those who have served long and faithfully on small salaries are now enjoying real homes in the community that is suffused with the atmosphere and idealism associated with their self-sacrificing careers. One of the chief products is tung oil, used in varnishes. But the entire landscape is beautified with citrus trees and picturesque meadows and farm land.

Tours in Florida with blue skies and sunshine, with fleecy clouds overhead and the rustle of palm branches, inspires a deeper love for outdoor life. Buses, coaches, and automobiles are whizzing along the roads night and day. At St. Augustine one reaches the very beginning of the old Spanish trail, which marks the location of the mother city of America, the oldest inhabited community within the boundaries of the United States. The old Fort Marion, or San Marnico, still stands guard as it has for four centuries past, and the ancient city gates, old streets, and weather-beaten walls are a glimpse of the historical beginnings of America. Here we find that date so familiar in geography—1513. It is history revealed, where the flags of five nations have flown over the ramparts of the old fort that has withstood bombardment and siege. Here is a glimpse of the dungeons, the old slave markets, and the historic Spanish Governor's Mansion, built in 1598, which is now the government post-



Some points of historic interest
(TOP) Water Tower at old Fort Marion
(MIDDLE) The cathedral of St. Augustine
the oldest Catholic church in America
(BOTTOM) One of the narrowest streets in
America—Treasury Street in St.
Augustine

office. Already preparations are being made for the Ponce de Leon celebration in springtime, reenacting in all the colorful pageantry a sham battle that recalls historical incidents from early explora-

shores of the blue Mediterranean as a winter haven. Experiencing all this in the Florida of the present, you find words cannot tell this story or paint the picture.

A visit to some of the educational insti-

tutions indicates what the present generation is doing in preparing to keep their home state abreast of the growing and progressive commonwealths of the country. The vitality of the youth representing nearly every state in the union is a composite of vigor and keen mentality. From the state university at Gainesville, under the executive direction of Dr. John Tigert, former chief of the Bureau of Education, with its thousands of students, to the University of Miami, in the many schools and colleges the dominant purpose obtains to make Florida a peer of any state in educational institutions. There is the Stetson University, at DeLand, headed by Dr. Lincoln Hulley, a pioneer who began his work here twenty-four years ago. His scholastic accomplishments are outstanding, and I found him busy writing another play for his students. As a dramatist and a poet, as well as an instructor, he has won distinction, and he gave me his creed, which stands out as a glowing and enduring tribute to the Florida of today, conceived in the spirit of youth and achievements.

We believe in Florida, the land of blue skies, and soft winds and eternal sunshine.

We love its rivers, lakes, pine woods, orange groves and broad stretches of prairie.

We are one with all her people to unite heart, soul and body in developing Florida's resources, in making this the beautiful home of a free and prosperous people.

We invite those seeking new homes, if they are worthy, to settle among us, and we pledge to them the warm hand of hospitality, a glad welcome to the state and a fraternal co-operation in seeking peace and happiness in this land of plenty, a land of summer and sunshine and song.

At Rollins College, in Winter Park, Dr. Hamilton Holt has added to his already distinguished reputation as a teacher of youth. Under the inspiration of his guiding hand Rollins College has carried forward innovations in educational matters along with other Floridian institutions that have attracted world-wide attention.

At Lakeland is located the Southern College, where emphasis is laid on individual education for the individual student. It was founded thirty-five years ago and in an environment conducive to drawing out the best that is in the young men and young women who seek a training to take up the increasing responsibilities coming to the individual citizen. Lakeland possesses a million-dollar civic center and a charm that is characteristic of Florida.



Enjoying the health-giving sunshine of Florida

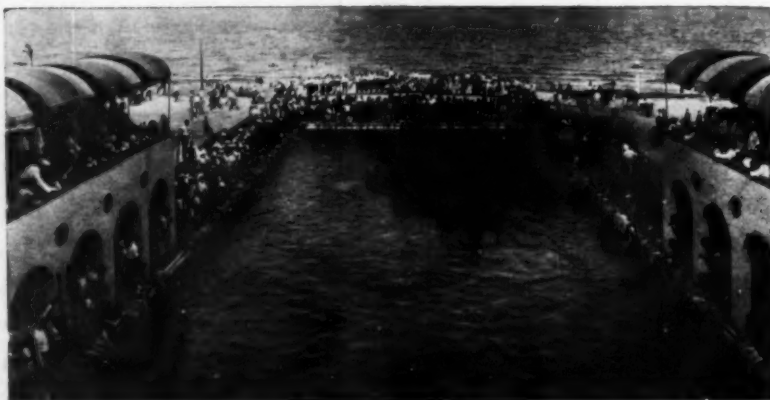
tion days down to 1821; when Uncle Sam paid five million dollars in cash for the state of Florida. Here was one of the real beginnings of modern Florida, when the late Henry Flagler built his palatial hotels, the finest in the world at the time, as an evidence of his faith in the climate and future of Florida. The new Bridge of Lions leads on to the paved highways of historic Anastasia and the old Spanish lighthouse. It was here that the pirates and slave traders made their rendezvous in early days. Across the coral inlets and under the shadow of rare old Madeiro mahogany, cork, camphor, and jasmin, we speed on over the Ocean Shore Boulevard to Daytona Beach. On the hard sands of this coastline automobiles sweep along like the wind, for it was here that the first great automobile races were held, where wheeled chariots skimmed the sands at a faster pace than the hurricanes that blow or the birds overhead skimming the blue.

While motoring down the "east coast, west coast, all around the state," we came to landscapes varying from the hills of Central Florida to miles of beach and surf. In a scene suggesting New England hills is located the famous Bok Tower with its carillon notes that break forth each Sunday in a paean of praise of Florida. It is a memorial to the late Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*, who chose this spot to spend the sunset of his days as a fitting threshold for the fair lands beyond.

Mention Palm Beach and you think of Florida in its role as the winter social capital of the world. The social boundaries of Palm Beach now extend to all parts of this paradise-peninsular state. The hotel rates have been kept under control and within reach, but there are still opportunities to spend money at any pace desired. Think of it—bathing in the ocean on the coldest day of the year in the north, when the temperature of the water there is 70 degrees. This prevails all along the coast where the gulf stream lies alongside, so to speak, three miles away. Miles and miles of ocean surf-bathing in the winter-time, bring the Eden of Hawaii to the Atlantic Coast of America and surpass even the



A 400-pound catch for a Floridian fisherman



Many large swimming pools, like this at Hollywood Beach, increase the opportunities for water sports

In meeting the conditions of the present, the Florida State Chamber of Commerce has placed itself squarely on record at a meeting held in December, 1930. The resolution reviews the past but grapples with the ever-present question of taxation in a most vigorous manner.

WHEREAS, within the past nine years more than two billions of dollars of outside capital has been invested in Florida, such investment being largely due to the fact that Florida has a constitutional provision prohibiting the state from issuing any bonds or incurring any indebtedness except for the purpose of repelling an invasion or suppressing an insurrection, and because of its magnificent scheme of taxation and its entire freedom from nuisance taxes; and,

WHEREAS, capital invested in this state has been and is protected instead of being penalized, hammered, burdened, and butchered, as is the case in many other states; and,

WHEREAS, Florida continues to invite outside capital into the state and pledges itself to protect the same after it is invested; and,

WHEREAS, because of the magnificent manner in which Florida has successfully gone through the past five years of trouble, vicissitudes, and disasters, over which its people had no control, we have more confidence in our state and its resources, in its fundamental soundness and its future than ever before,

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED: that the Florida State Chamber of Commerce places itself squarely on record:—

(1) As being opposed to any amendment of the state constitution which will permit the state to issue any bonds or incur any indebtedness for purposes other than are now provided therein;

(2) That, except in some administrative and detail matters, such as the equitable and proper assessment of tangible real and personal property, and the strengthening of laws to force the collection of taxes so assessed, our form and scheme of taxation, which has been called by eminent financial experts of the United States the best of any state in the union, should be kept intact and not altered or changed;

(3) That no relief can be had for the taxpayer by eliminating one species or class of property from taxation and levying taxes upon some other class of property, or by finding new sources of revenue, but that the only manner in which proper relief can be granted is by fixing the maximum amount of fees payable to county officers in any one year, by the abolition of unnecessary commissions, useless offices, bureaus, courts, etc., by the abolition of numerous small municipalities, by the consolidation of small counties, and by a drastic reduction of expenses, state, county, and city.

At the present time Florida enjoys advantages as an aviation center between two continents with lines radiating in all directions. Air ports are already located in important cities. It has been agreed by lead-

possibilities of the future. Here at Lakeland are bus lines covering a tour of a thousand miles, almost entirely within the range of the Collier activities. On to Tampa over the Gandy Bridge, with its



Opportunities for dancing and other social activities are generously provided. This scene was taken in Coral Gables Country Club

ing aviation authorities that Florida possesses several aeronautical advantages, because of the uniformity of climate, the infrequency of fogs, the level terrain and lack of mountains and hills, which eliminate some of the dangers of night flying. This was recognized in the location of the most important flyers' training camp together with the chief aviation school in the navy during the World War. The dreams of leaving New York in the morning and arriving in tropical Florida in the evening have become a reality, bringing this tropical empire closer to the north.

Landing at Lakeland I felt that I had touched the borderland of the activities of Barron G. Collier, who has done so much in enriching a large area of Florida that was considered worthless in the geographies of many now living. When he became interested in Florida, his vision extended from the facts of the present towards the

memory of superb sunrise and sunsets—the mad despair of artists to portray, the Collier buses land passengers at the Tampa Terrace, where they may begin a tour of tropical Florida that permits them to sleep every night and take every meal in a Collier Hotel.

That the future of the South and Florida is considered bright from an investment standpoint by northern interests was demonstrated recently when New York and Pittsburgh capitalists purchased a group of nine hotels in South Carolina, Florida and Texas, known as The Colonial Hotels.

Guiding the policies of the new operating company is Mr. Jennings K. Love, a prominently recognized eastern hotel man. Under his direction the hotels are able to carry out the program adopted.

The Colonial Hotels are located in the popular resort cities of the South. In Miami, Florida, are the Miami-Colonial, the Venetian, and the Colonial Towers; in Miami Beach is the Wm. Penn; in Key West, the Key West Colonial; in Tampa, the Bayshore Colonial; and in Orlando, the Colonial Orange Court. Elsewhere in the South are the Plaza Apartment Hotel in Houston, Texas, and the Fort Sumter Hotel in Charleston, South Carolina.

The Miami-Colonial is a seventeen-story structure with two hundred hotel rooms and baths. Its superb location on Biscayne Boulevard, overlooking the Bay, makes it a foremost Miami hotel. The Colonial Towers consists of seventy-two apartments and thirty-six hotel rooms, offering an ideal home without its care, in the heart of Miami's activities. The Venetian Hotel is a ten-story building of unusual beauty, containing one hundred and thirty-six hotel rooms with baths. The Wm. Penn at Miami Beach contains one hundred large guest rooms, each with bath, and its location on the beach makes it particularly attractive to people wishing to be near the Ocean. In



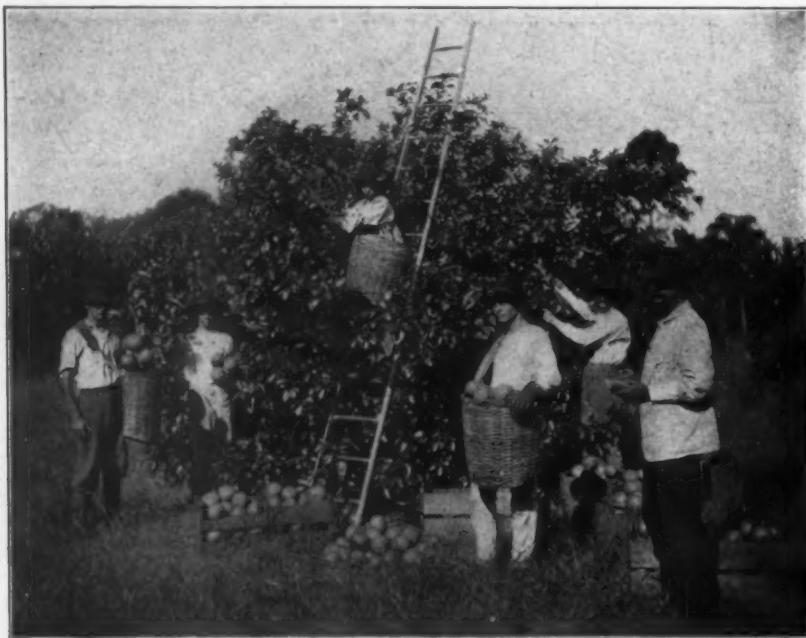
Playing in Floridian surroundings adds to the joys of golf

Key West the Colonial Towers, formerly the LaConcha, is of Spanish architecture, with one hundred and twenty-five guest rooms, a large ballroom, and sun rooms. To Key West, the center of the finest deep-

recreations which cause the city to stand out as distinct. As an instance, shuffleboard has been taken from the decks of liners and developed into the largest tourist sport club in existence, having more than

hardly broad enough to cover the varied activities of this aristocratic rendezvous for thousands of snow-dodgers down beside the Gulf Stream on the southeastern tip of Florida. The dazzling brightness of a sunny, seaside resort; miles of colorful beach and equally colorful people; the galaxy of sportsmen who follow their favorite summer pastime here all winter; the green-tinted, sea-water pools bounded by cozy, picturesque "cabans" and the soft crooning music and happy laughter of night club life of metropolitan standards are not the whole of this "city in the sun." It also is, at preference, a quiet place in the warmth, where people of importance shutter up their northern homes and come to swim, fish, play, and bask in the ultra-violet rays. Behind the glitter of its palatial casinos and play-places is a background of beautiful homes, occupied by business leaders and retired capitalists.

Since 1921 official building permits show that \$54,000,000 has been expended at Miami Beach to make it a better place to live and play in. During the past summer, despite the mental business depression of the country, ninety-two new residences were erected at Miami Beach at an average cost of over \$20,000 each, and the entire building program totalled \$4,527,188. So sound is the municipal administration at Miami Beach that during the past year the city attempted to anticipate a half-million dollars of its bonded indebtedness. They advertised in financial publications in an attempt to retire outstanding bonds at par with accrued interest, and were only able to buy back \$100,000 worth of them. These folks, who have ridden to success on the tide of commercial supremacy in the United States in the past decade, bring their families down at the first gesture of Jack Frost in the north. They are solid men who have divided their civic affiliations between two communities and built their dream houses at Miami Beach. There was a day when the winter season at Miami Beach started after the Christmas holiday and closed in



Harvesting grapefruit while the north is enjoying the cold winter months

sea fishing in the world, hundreds of sportsmen are attracted each year, and its proximity to Cuba makes it a center for thousands. The Colonial Orange Court in Orlando, "The City Beautiful", is in the center of the citrus fruit field. It is a large, beautifully designed structure with hotel facilities and housekeeping apartments, nestled in its own orange grove and tropical garden. The patio is said to be a model of tropical landscaping and each room has a small sun balcony overlooking the patio. At Tampa, on the west coast of Florida, the Bayshore Colonial is a ten-story structure containing two hundred and forty-two rooms and apartments, in the center of a large spot of ground facing on Tampa Bay. To complete the group of hotels: the Plaza Apartment Hotel at Houston, Texas, contains over one hundred apartments and is the outstanding apartment building of that city. The Fort Sumter at Charleston, South Carolina, located on Battery Park, is a beautiful seven-story structure with one hundred and seventy-five rooms. All these hotels follow the general policy to exemplify pleasant atmosphere and comfortable hospitality.

Thirty-six hours from Boston by rail is the modern, tropical city of St. Petersburg, Florida. It is an internationally known winter playground and enjoys the sobriquet of the "Sunshine City." More than a million winter visitors have passed through its portals in the past five years. Millions of dollars have been expended to turn its waterfront into a tropical garden of incredible beauty and polish. Its yacht basins shelter the craft of internationally famous yachtsmen during the winter—but around the corner are the other tourist

three thousand members. There is golf, miniature golf, archery, roque, lawn bowling, trap shooting, horseback riding, horse-shoe pitching, swimming, flying, fishing, boating, chess, checkers and dominoes—whatever you want, they have it in St. Petersburg.

Most distinctive of all, though, are the green benches. There are 5,000 of them on the broad sidewalks right in the heart of the city. They will seat 25,000, and during the warm winter days they are filled.

The cognomen, "playground of the nation", so often applied to Miami Beach, is



Part of the sponge fleet at Tarpon Springs

time for families to spend the Easter holidays at their northern fireside. Now the winter residents come south for the opening of school, enjoying Thanksgiving without snow or frost, and remain well into spring.

The constant procession of great men who sun themselves on the golden sands of Miami Beach ranges from the chief executives of the nation to the most popular of professional golfers. During its short existence Miami Beach has entertained three Presidents of the United States. The late Warren Harding came often to play. Herbert Hoover rested from his strenuous pre-election campaign on a sheltered island in Biscayne Bay hard by the shore of Miami Beach, and Calvin Coolidge did the city the honor of an official visit. Four score newspaper men gathered here one winter to watch the play of the four principal newsmen of the country—Hoover, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, Jack Dempsey, and Alfred Smith—all of whom sought health and happiness at Miami Beach at the same time. Miami Beach is a municipality separate from Miami, located directly on the Atlantic Ocean and connected to the mainland by three causeways, the longest of which is three and a half miles in length. Should this little island suddenly heave anchor and drift away from its contact with civilization and should raw materials be available, the diversified experiences of the men who have made it their winter home could certainly build of it an empire entirely within itself.

In St. Petersburg I found Mr. Clement Kennedy of the New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass., a popular host to a large group of distinguished guests at the Vinoy Park Hotel. With its beauty and fine location this hostelry has become under his management one of the high spots in the brilliant realm of Florida hoteldom. Wherever Clement Kennedy goes, there is a radiance of real welcome at the threshold of his hotel that continues on during one's stay.

Associated with Charlotte Harbor are traditions that reveal why this region is a favorite recreation ground. There is, first of all, fishing—and fishing here in the

blue turquoise waters under blue skies is thrilling—while the sporty tarpon tests the prowess of the "big game" fisherman in the bewitching moonlight. On the sand

ered the one magic filament that made incandescent electric lights possible.

In this area around Fort Myers cattle raising on ranges flourished in early days,



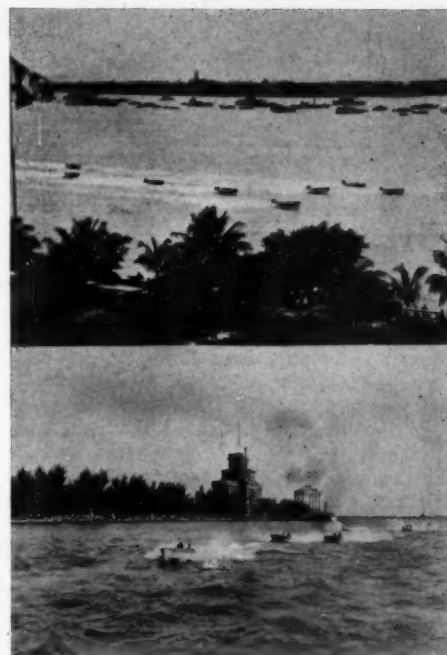
Miami skyline at sunset

stretches of Usepa Island the ultra-violet rays of the sun work its magic curative powers.

After Mr. Barron Collier had transformed the Charlotte Harbor into a queen of his hotel chain, Punta Gorda was established as a pre-eminent rendezvous or high spot in the itinerary of winter visitors on the west coast. The attractions of this hostelry, with its swimming pool, tennis courts, gun clubs, golf, sun baths and yachting have made the Charlotte Harbor Hotel, under the management of Mr. Schutt, an objective point in fair Florida tours.

It would seem that, if we remained in any one of the charmed centers in Florida sooner or later we would meet friends from all sections of the country, passing that way, for the state has become the country's great winter time meeting place.

At Fort Myers is located the home of Thomas A. Edison, where for many years the great inventor has continued his epochal experimental work ceaselessly and untiringly during the hibernating period of the cold weather, just as he does in the warm months of summer time at his New Jersey laboratories. Here I found Mr. Edison greeting his old pals, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone. Mr. Ford has purchased and preserved the laboratories



Scenes from the annual regatta at Miami Beach

where fifty years ago Mr. Edison discovered which explains the absence of fences. The city is now the headquarters of the Collier boat lines and the western gate-city to the Everglades. In the heart of a rich citrus development the Koreshan Community at Estero has pursued the even tenor of life according to the ideals of its founder.

The beauty of ancient Naples is rivalled in the modern Naples of Florida, a mecca for many visitors to "see and live." It is located in Collier County, a district Mr. Barron Collier discovered some years ago. The obstacles to development and building of the Tamiami Trail only served to challenge his constructive genius. Roads had to be built to open up this isolated mystery-land of the Everglades. The Tamiami Trail (named for the two city terminals, Tampa and Miami) was completed after years of persistent dredging and blasting. This unique highway circling the tip of Florida makes a trip across the state a few hours spin. Long stretches of highway extend through the flat grassy lands, dotted with "hummocks" of trees, where millions



Venetian Apartments in Coral Gables near the famous "Pool"

of birds gather and form great pyramids of white feathers. The abundance of wild life here has made some of this area a desirable park—the only tropical reservation of

never been a "real estate boom" in the Collier County. Mr. Barron Collier has kept on year after year pouring money into developments and proving his ground

territory a fascinating abode for human beings and for soil cultivation, but he has led the way for other sections in adopting innovations that mark a new era in agrarian development—a possible solution for unemployment for, where people can produce food and clothing for subsistence, there is no need of poverty and distress. It comes back to the proposition that eternal vigilance is the price of progress as well as liberty. The secret of worthwhile achievements lies in the possession of those qualities of courage, faith, and constructive energy, with which Barron Collier has pursued his purpose in the development of this southern frontier of the country.

From the industrial activities of Tampa, one of the several commercial hubs of Florida, radiate innumerable citrus groves covering land that was formerly used as great cattle ranges. Not far away, bordering on the river, is Bradentown, with its wholesome community life. Here the Manatee Inn, by the side of the road, bids the traveler friendly welcome.

Buses seem to shuttle back and forth between all points on the map of Florida and traveling a hundred miles or so is counted but a little jaunt in this land of good roads.

* * *

At Sarasota is found the realm of Ringling. Here John Ringling and his brother, the late Charles Ringling, established the winter quarters of the "greatest show on earth." These sturdy lads from Baraboo, Wis., had grown up with their circus enterprise, absorbing not only Barnum and Bailey's, but all the other important caravans traveling under canvas as well. Sarasota, with its beautiful civic center and water-front, is a monument to the genius of the Ringlings. The causeways, bridges, and other interesting features of the little city are surrounded by an extensive agricultural development that caters to the



Promenading along the beach is just another of the pleasures of Florida

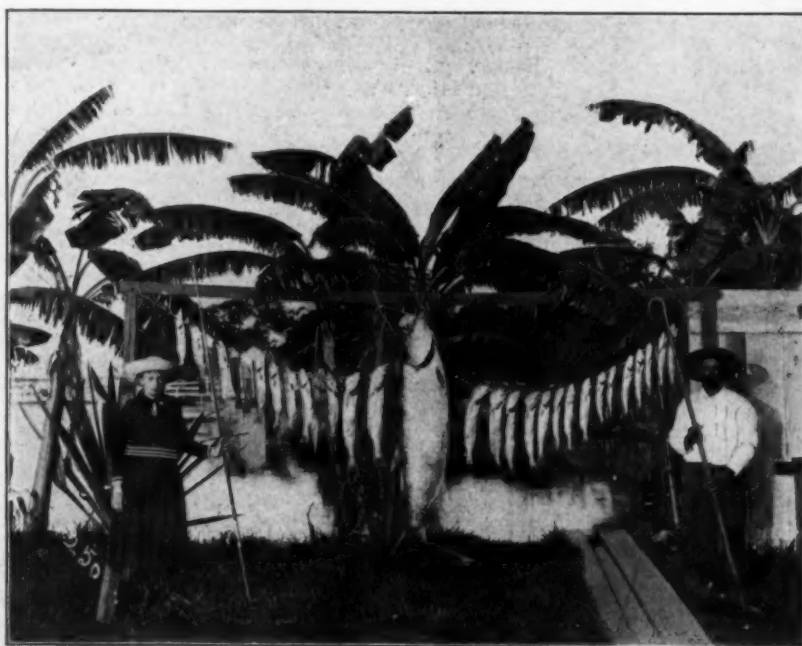
the United States. On the sweeping tangents, many miles long, motorists whirl on through this Everglades territory at highspeed, scarcely disturbing the birds, the animals, or the Seminole Indians who occupy this unexplored tip of land marking the southernmost boundaries of the contiguous territory of the United States of today.

In the heart of this area is Everglades, the capital city of Collier County, where the buildings and homes nestle on the banks of a river inlet reaching in from the gulf, making it an ideal natural locale for "The Rod and Gun Club." Mr. Collier has made the waste places of this section blossom with tomato vines as well as citrus trees. Using the earth excavated in laying the roadbed of a railroad, he built a north and south highway that is the delight of tourists. While doing this, the adjoining land was drained, as the excavation proceeded, and a large canal constructed. Three distinct methods of transportation were provided by this one operation of the earth-moving steam shovel—the railroad grade, the highway and the canal.

The grapefruit cannery is also utilized to care for this field of tomatoes, probably the largest in the world. Now we understand why tomato juice has become a popular morning cocktail—a refreshing overture draught for any meal from breakfast to a midnight snack. No matter if one crop does not pay—the long season permits "planting again" several times and insures a reward somewhere along the line of seasons.

"The Rod and Gun Club" hostelry is the mid-way stopping place for the Trail tourists. These extensive productive agricultural operations here are under the direction of Colonel Copeland, formerly of the United States Navy. His extensive service in the construction of the Panama Canal enabled him to overcome the obstacles in Florida so that today the word "Everglades" represents a productive area. There has

as he has gone along, not asking settlers or others to share the hazards. Here in the very heart of this great expanse of land, once considered waste-land, is territory that invited a challenge from a man of Mr. Barron Collier's constructive genius. The Collier County of today has more than justified his unflinching faith and courage, resulting in his resisting all temptations during the halcyon boom days that would detour him from his one purpose. His insistence from the start has been that the basic source of wealth in Florida, as elsewhere on this mundane sphere, must come directly or indirectly from the soil. He took what was thought useless *terra firma* for human habitation and has proved his proposition. Not only has he made this



Floridian waters are especially pregnant with abundant fish. A "clothes-line" catch like this is by no means rare

needs of northern markets. At these winter quarters we saw John Ringling, the sole survivor of the group of seven brothers, as he was walking between the cages of the animals and talking to the ferocious panthers and tigers as he would to a pet cat. From his hand the giant giraffes nibbled their favorite pastry; the elephants in the training rings blinked their small eyes knowingly at him as he passed; the horses neighed as he patted these equine stars of the sawdust ring. Parrots, birds, and monkeys seemed instinctively to recognize one who as a boy and man had lived with them in all sorts of conditions. The hippopotamus and rhinoceros, the trained seals, the lions, the tigers and the zebras appeared to know the hand that fed them. Other representatives of wild life serve civilization in this living and moving museum of natural history. Out on this wide expanse of flat land, flanked by primeval pine and cedar in the genial warmth of the Floridian sun, was a cosmopolitan animal kingdom that enjoyed the pleasant winter days along with the legion of the human kingdom of tourists passing that way.

This is only one side of the impressive picture created by the Ringlings in Sarasota. The art museum, a treasury of priceless masterpieces of the art of the ages, represents a monumental triumph of John Ringling's career. Armed with his cane and a cigar, his sturdy figure led the way, pointing out the details of his invaluable art collection, beginning with the huge canvases and tapestries at the entrance and continuing on to the long vistas on either side. Columns and doorways from the palaces of the Medici and other historic patrons of art appropriately thresholded the



The Charlotte Harbor Hotel, the queen of the Collier chain

approach to each picturesque alcove, but every painting seemed to have its own story of interest to Mr. Ringling as he passed with his eyes aglow in appreciation of the genius of those who had created this heritage. The spacious patio, surrounded by galleries on either side for thousands of feet, with other ancient

treasures below, contains a replica of the heroic David by Angelo that surmounts an artistic fountain. Terrace on terrace were festooned with appropriate bush and shrub in a carpet of green, with gleaming groups of statuary figures reflecting the glories of Ancient Greece. High on the surrounding building was an impressive array of hundreds of heroic statues brought from the art centers of the world, standing out silhouetted against the soft tender blue Florida sky, an appropriate setting for their home in the New World.

Around this art gallery containing one of the largest collections in the world are already clustered studios of young artists, who may perhaps prove the nucleus of a new school of art with as distinctively alluring an environment as the skies of Italy, Spain, and the other countries that have inspired the impulse of an art immortal. Here in one gallery was focused the art of man on canvas with crude trophies in the art of ancient pottery used six thousand years ago.

In his Sarasota winter home John Ringling blends many phases of life, both ancient and modern, with the activities of human beings mingled with those of a living animal kingdom, presenting prize paintings like Rosa Bonheur and other masterpieces hanging on the walls reflecting widely varied human emotions from the earliest records of human beings.

* * *

This is but another evidence of the cultural development of the present-day Florida as a rendezvous for the savant as well as the wayfaring traveler who seeks the current inspirations of our mundane existence. The sunshine of Florida frames a picture of happiness.

Continued on page 193



This palm-lined vista seems to symbolize the warmth of Florida's invitation to partake of her delights



Tickleweed and Feathers



"I saw in the paper where a widower with eight children married a widow with seven children."

"That wasn't a marriage. That was a merger."

—American Mutual Magazine.

"My little sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss the girls or pay a forfeit of a box of candy."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?"

"She came home with thirteen boxes of candy."

—American Mutual Magazine.

A beggar stopped a business man on the street and asked him not for a nickel or a dime but for a dollar.

Surprised at the amount of his demand, the business man replied: "If you had asked me for a quarter I might have considered it, but certainly you will get no sympathy or money from me with the impudent demand for as much money as that."

Resentful of the attitude, the beggar remarked with some asperity: "Give me what you please, mister, but don't tell me how to run my business."

"There are two sides to every question," remarked the sage.

"Yes," said the fool, "and there are two sides to a sheet of fly paper, but it makes a big difference to the fly which side he chooses."

The following precious preserved extract from a love letter written home to his wife by a soldier on active service will evoke tender memories in thousands of our former service men:

"Don't send me no more nagging letters, Lettie. They don't do no good. I'm three thousand miles away from home, and I want to enjoy this war in peace."

Manager: "So you think you are qualified for a job as floorwalker? What experience have you had?"

Applicant: "I have a pair of twins at home that have just finished teething."

—The Kablegram.

Ma—Where's the cow, Johnnie?

Johnnie—I can't get her home; she's down by the railroad track flirting with the tobacco sign.

Wealthy, but careful, old gentleman to friend, who is impecunious and calls to ask for a loan of \$1000—Well, and what security have you?

The caller slaps his chest as pledge of personal honor.

Careful old gentleman—Very well (opening safe), please step in here; that's where I keep my securities.

Judge: "You're charged with throwing your mother-in-law out of the window."

Accused: "I did it without thinking yer Worship."

Judge: "I realize that, my dear man, but don't you see how dangerous it was for any one passing at that time?"

A favorite of ours is the one about the mother who was giving her four-year-old daughter a scolding.

"I'm surprised at you," grumbled the mother; "you go right upstairs and wash your face and NECK!"

"Who?" asked the child.

—Patton's Monthly.

"Are you sure it was a marriage license you gave me last month?"

"Certainly, sir: why?"

"Because I've led a dog's life ever since."

—California Pelican.

"I'm through with Freddy."

"How come, dearie?"

"I heard him telling Jack that he tried out Ethyl in his Buick last night."

Polly—Time separates the best of friends.

Archie—It does. Thirteen years ago we were both 17. Now you are 21 and I'm 30.

Musical aspirant: Professor, do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Professor: Well, it might come in handy in case of a shipwreck.

—Answers.

"You seem able bodied and healthy," she remarked coldly, "you ought to be strong enough to work for your meals."

"True enough, lady," he replied, "and you seem beautiful enough to be in the movies, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

The tramp got his dinner."

"You baby seems very fond of you, Tom, old chap," remarked his friend one day.

"Fond of me! I should just think he is," replied Tom. "Why, would you believe it, he sleeps all day while I'm not at home, and stays awake all night just to enjoy my society."

"So he's your little brother! Funny you are so fair and he is so dark."

"Yes, but he was born after mother dyed her hair."

You'll never be a man of standing if you take your troubles lying down.

"I wonder why Maude claimed she was only twenty-five when that rich old man was courting her."

"Oh, I suppose she made a liberal discount for cash."

Angry and Dishevelled Golfer—Sir, your confounded bull has just tossed me.

Farmer—Aye, an' by the look o' thee tha's lost the toss.

For a vacancy in Toronto's fire brigade, 200 applicants have been received. There seems to be no lack of young men who want to go to blazes.

Little boy—Mother, are there any men angels in heaven?

Mother—Why, certainly, dear.

Little boy—But, mother, I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers.

Mother—No, dear; men get in with a close shave.

The tired radio announcer came home after a long day in the studio. The family gathered for dinner. The tired radio announcer bowed his head to ask the blessing and all was quiet.

"This is Mr. Jones speaking," he began.

A bricklayer said to a foreman on a new job: "I'd like to work here, but I can't find a place to park my car."

The foreman replied: "I guess you won't do. This is a high class job, and we want only bricklayers who have chauffeurs."

Recently a little Chicago boy came running into the kitchen and related the following tale about his playmate.

"Ma, Billy said pa was a cheap politician, and I said, 'No, sir, he ain't.' Billy said I was a liar and—my tooth is in my pocket."

"Cap" Benton's Son

Continued from page 178

driver. "He's going to the hospital!"

"Sure!" I said.

Shafner got up and I heard him call up on the phone one of the young surgeons whom we had come to know. When he hung up the receiver he turned to the waiting crowd, who dead tired as they were, had come up standing with curiosity.

"It was Fritz; they telephoned 'Cap' to come; the boy's burned up bad, but he going to live—to live!" Shafner said, his voice quivering with more emotion than I had ever heard in it before.

"No wonder 'Cap' smiled; burned or no burned, the boy's made good," said one of the older men, echoing our own thoughts.

When we saw the old fellow again he looked like a different man. He walked with his head up and stepped along as if he was twenty years younger. We made it a point never to say much to him, but I had the nerve to ask him how the boy was getting along.

He smiled.

"They thought at first he'd lose his eyes, but he's coming along all right. The Chief's been up to see him; he's going to get a medal"—the old man's shoulders went back—"and comes here again soon' he's in shape. He'll win out; he comes of fighting blood," he added proudly.

I nodded and said, "Yes, that's right," because I could think of nothing else to say, and hustled away to give the good news to the men in the reading-room. There was a cheer when I told them, for every man in the station was thankful from his heart up and down to see the close of the breach between "Cap" Benton and his son.

A Daughter of the Stars

Continued from page 182

of long brown arms round my throat. I was almost strangled, and in that moment they all closed in around me. One, who stooped toward the girl, I shot through the body, but the revolver was promptly jerked out of my hand. I felt a blow on the side of my head, and then the natives with their fierce, blood-thirsty faces and the trees and the air seemed all whirling around me together. I heard the girl's shrieks—they were carrying her off now. There there was silence and darkness. I was on my back again, and I had an idea that I was being dragged along the ground. After that came unconsciousness.

(To be Continued in the next issue)

The Florida of the Present

Continued from page 191

After having travelled year after year in practically all parts of the state, I am asked which is my favorite portion of Florida. I will answer as the mother did in reference to her favorite child—"There is no one such favorite. They all belong



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to my family." This is not said for political reasons, for I have no political aspirations in Florida, nor does it involve any financial hopes there. Consequently, I can classify myself as an all-Florida enthusiast. Florida to-day seems to present some city or locality that fits each mood, and we'll have to leave it to the ever wide-awake real estate man to give further directions.

Florida of the present proves what generally goes unchallenged, that it has the best winter climate in the world, with un-failing sunshine. There's the same buoyant, cheery spirit and friendly contact that remain the irresistible charm of the winter

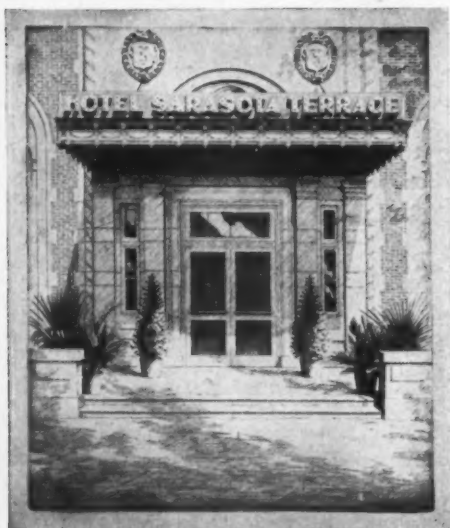
vacations. Somehow or other, you can't import your troubles into Florida. There seems to be a quarantine against the grouch. And I find Florida of the present a practical, self-reliant, productive state where the old-time dreams have crystallized into profitable pursuits.

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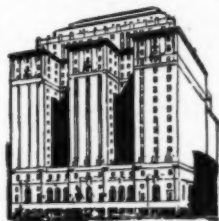
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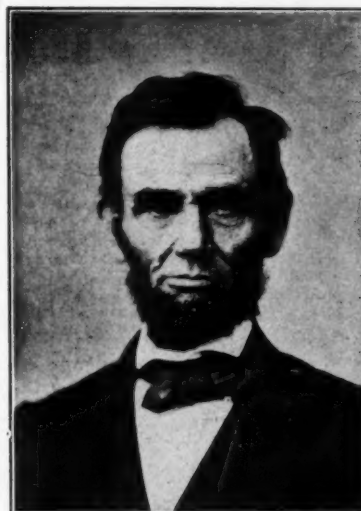
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'Out here,' he told, with a smile,
'Away from all the city's sham,
The strife for splendor and for style,
The ticker and the telegram,
I come for just a little while
To be exactly as I am.'

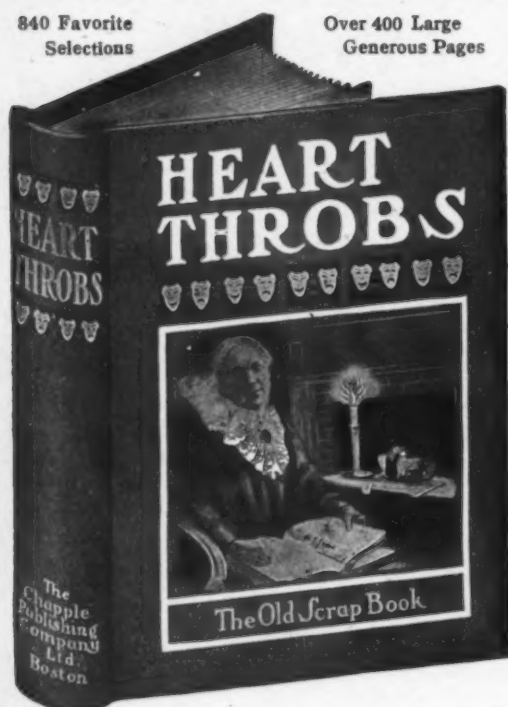
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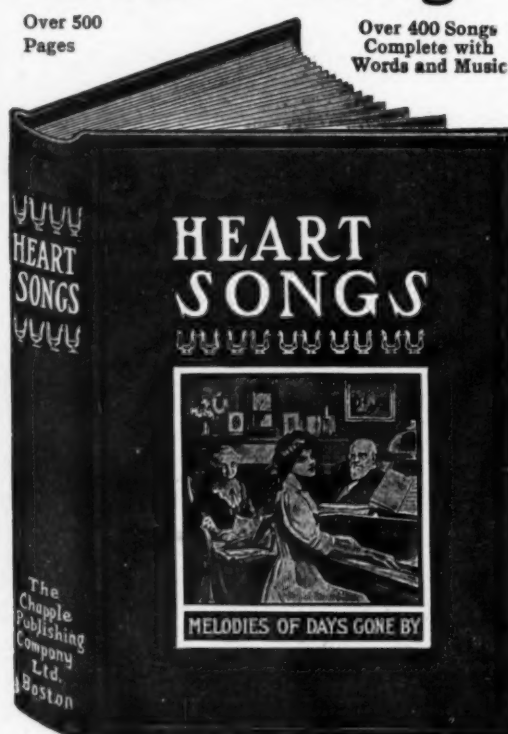
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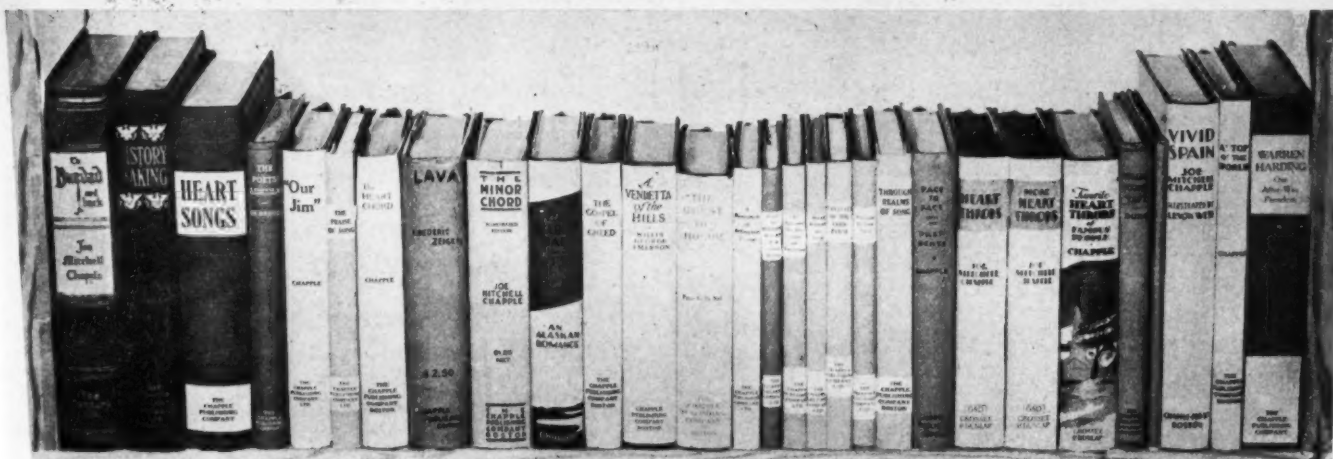
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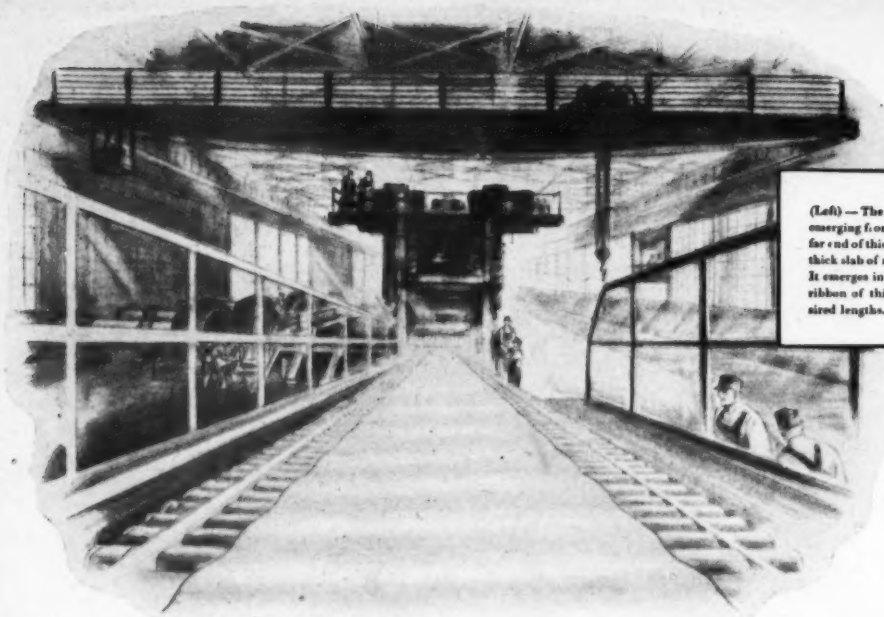
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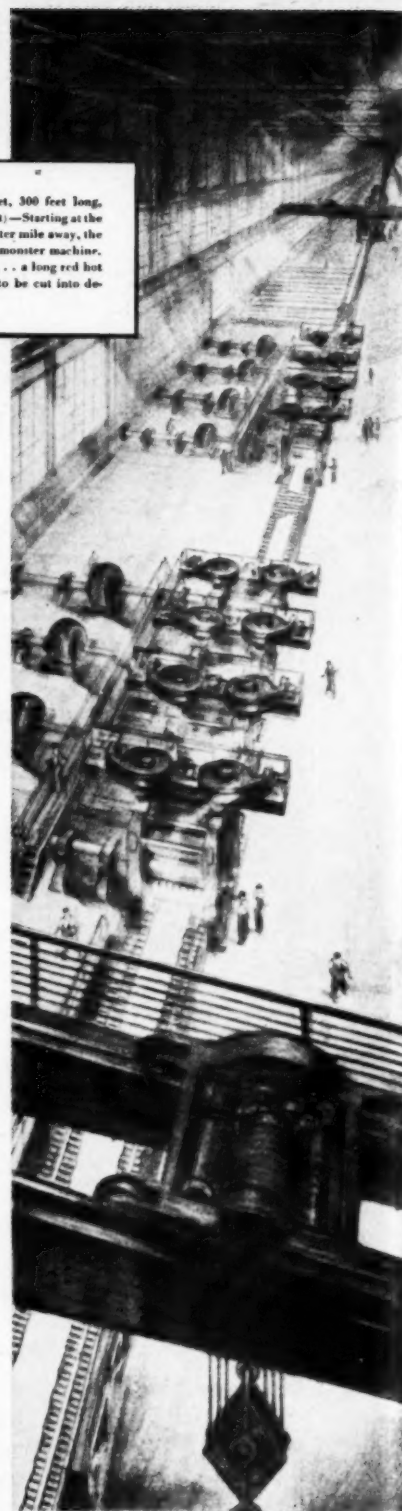
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The Milledgeville, Ga., Times: There are two classes of people—those whose life holds the unspeakable joy of at least one visit to the continent, and those who can only dream of going. For both classes we enthusiastically recommend "Vivid Spain." It is the best book on the travel shelf this season.

The Dispatch, St. Paul, Minn.: About all things he is interesting and informative in his casual, journalistic manner. If you have shunned the travel book as something ponderous and statistical, you may take this one up without fear. It is as off-hand as your own conversation, but—perhaps—better.

Schenectady Gazette, New York: The book, "Vivid Spain," is pleasant in its rambling conversational manner and at the same time is truly a picture of an unknown land. It is in no sense a guide book, but it seems like one that would please a prospective traveler in the land of air castles, or make another want to travel there.

The Toledo Blade, Ohio: The brilliant colors in which the imagination of the average reader has been persuaded by fiction and travel books to picture far-away Spain with a wide and generous brush are splashed through the pages of Joe Mitchell Chapple's tribute to that land of bullfights and black-eyed Carmens. It is as handsome a travel book as has come this way in several seasons.

The Herald, Boston, Mass.: Mr. Chapple makes it the breezy and unconventional chronicle of a leisurely ramble through Spain, and every page sparkles with the anecdotes of his experiences and of his contacts with everybody from the King and Prime Minister down the social scale. Mr. Chapple not only covered Spain very thoroughly, but flew across to Africa in an airplane, and had no end of experiences denied the ordinary tourist.

Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wis.: In his incomparable book, "Vivid Spain," Joe Mitchell Chapple takes you into the very heart of Spain, carrying you over its highways and Lyways, and conducting you into its remotest regions. He introduces you into the courts and palaces of kings as well as into the humble homes of the peasantry.

The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.: The author from "The Attic" in the great America city of New York pays the following greeting to this far-famed and much-talked-of country: "Spain, Vivid Spain! Redolent of romance and tradition, what fantastic visions you have conjured in the minds of alien peoples since the Phoenician navigators first sailed in the shadow of the Pillars of Hercules!" The author's appreciation of the beauties of this far-away country is presented in this beautiful volume in which he so generously asks that his readers share with him the joy of many happy days in Vivid Spain.

Detroit, Mich., Free Press: Embellished with original etchings and drawings by Levon West, this book on Spain is written by a man who went forth seeking romance and found it. He is not concerned with the drab side of life but with its colorful aspects. Architecture, the gaiety of the people, the art and artists of Spain, the national institutions, the king—all the high spots and the bright places he makes vivid for the reader.

Salt Lake, Utah, Tribune: In "Vivid Spain" Mr. Chapple reminds us that Spain should mean more than that to us, since to America Spain stands in the light of a foster-mother, and, as latest claims will have it, is that of the Castilian country. History, legend, bits of local color, interesting and humorous incidents of their travels mingle in Mr. Chapple's narrative with pleasing inconsequence.

Winston-Salem, N. C., Journal: "Vivid Spain" is one of the handsomest volumes that has yet come into this reviewer's hands.

New York Herald Tribune: Impressions and illustrations are crowded between the covers of Joe Mitchell Chapple's "Vivid Spain." The equally comprehensive text is described by the author as a "record of appreciation, not a didactic or profound history, peppered with footnotes from mystic authorities, or fables agreed upon as a psychoanalysis of people—but a simple volume with no other purpose than to have the reader share the joy of our many happy days in Vivid Spain." Levon West's etchings are lovely and suggestive, and the two Sorollas glow with that warm abandon which one expects of Sorolla and of Spain. One must be grateful to the author who has brought them together.

New York World: Really good travel books are rare indeed. Joe Mitchell Chapple in sunlight and by moonlight, grave and gay, smiling and thoughtful is Joe Mitchell Chapple, stout, good-natured, and unquenchably American. He was unquestionably in Spain, and one fancies he enjoyed himself enormously. His book is breezy and informal, chatty and informative.

Honolulu Star Bulletin: Spain vividly described in word and line. Vivid, vivacious, virile—vibrant with life, color and personality, strong in atmosphere and compelling in interest—such is Joe Mitchell Chapple's "Vivid Spain." The book is beautifully illustrated with 30 original etchings by Levon West and 34 Photographs, beside two exquisite color pages.

The Portsmouth Herald, N. H.: Joe Mitchell Chapple, the world-renowned editor, lecturer, and traveler, has just written a book, "Vivid Spain," which is enjoyable from cover to cover in which he brings out the enchantment of romantic old Castile.

Dispatch, Columbus, Ohio: Nothing in the book line that has appeared lately is more fascinating than this book of travel of Joe Mitchell Chapple. To those who have been to Spain, it will be a revelation of how much can be represented in words of what has actually been experienced and to those who have not been there it is an amazing proof of what delightful things can be laid before him without any suggestion of guide book or cicerone. Nor does he become too familiar with kings and popes and tell them where to head in as do so many of the lesser fry. Joe Chapple writes as he talks and there is not a Rotarian in the world who will not recognize his genial tone. He takes you by the hands and says: "Come and see with me." Aside from the meat that is in the text (it is full of it) the book is beautifully illustrated by original drawings and etchings by Levon West.

Catholic Historical Review: Under the striking title "Vivid Spain" Joe Mitchell Chapple presents a book containing a notable record of impressions received during two rather comprehensive tours through Spain and Morocco. It is an attractive and informative volume bristling with episodes of a country whose appeal is entrancing.

The Providence, R.I., Journal: As a foreword to his very attractively bound book, Mr. Chapple explains that it is "our record of appreciation—a simple volume with no other purpose than to have the reader share the joy of our many happy days in Vivid Spain." A multitude of etchings by Levon West—all these, with the graphic descriptions of the enthusiastic raconteur, help one to realize that, in very truth, Spain is redolent of romance and tradition.

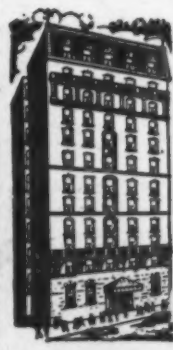
The Quaker poetess Martha Shepard Lippincott: "Vivid Spain" by Joe Mitchell Chapple is a keenly interesting book telling us of the wonderful beauty and romance of Spain that the author tells so vividly that he makes you feel as though you, too, had been seeing the things they saw. The book has a wealth of beautiful photographs and many original etchings by Levon West. Seldom do you see a book published in such fine style and so keenly interesting and making you feel as though you were going right along with the author and seeing and enjoying the things he saw; and with so many pictures to show you just what it is like. Each page of the book seems alive and showing you just what the travelers saw and felt. Joe Mitchell Chapple is a man who knows how to get the keenest enjoyment out of life and to pass it on to others.

The Banner, Nashville, Tenn.: In his book, "Vivid Spain," Joe Mitchell Chapple has presented a gorgeously colorful picture of that land of color and bull-fights, dark-eyed senoritas, and other things equally engaging. The book has some enticing etchings and drawings by Levon West. "Vivid Spain" is an altogether appropriate title for this pleasing glimpse of the country, the King, Dictator, the customs, habits, manners and general history of the people.

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New York Times: "Vivid Spain" by Joe Mitchell Chapple is profusely illustrated. Original etchings and drawings by Levon West add interest to the book, as do also the color reproductions of two Sorolla paintings of the dance from the collection of the Hispanic Society of America. For good measure, many interesting photographs are added. Mr. Chapple's enthusiasm for everything Spanish is contagious. His style gives the impression that he is representative of the type of care-free, jolly American whose broad and persistent smile carries him through every circumstance and where angels fear to tread.

The Boston Pilot: As an artistic treasure, "Vivid Spain" merits an honored place upon the bookshelves.

The Charlotte, N. C., Observer: Each chapter is vivid and full of color.

Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.: Joe Chapple, the distinguished widely known Boston editor, relates in an intimate way, just as he might tell it as he smoked his after dinner cigar, and with the characteristic dash and finish of which he is master, he makes his word pictures live.

New York Sun: A well-written account of the scenes, traditions, and personalities of a country previously neglected by the American traveler, but now yearly attracting more interest. It is illustrated with half-tones and some excellent etchings.

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